Class E601

Book .W817

copy 2.

Walter S. Newhall
Captain & A. A. A. G.
Decm 18th 1863

WALTER S. NEWHALL.

3d Penn Cavalry

A MEMOIR.

Mrs. Sarah Butler Wister

"Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name,—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mental mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause;
This is the Happy Warrior; this is He
That every man in arms should wish to be."

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF
THE SANITARY COMMISSION.
1864.

817
copy 2.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864,

BY C. SHERMAN, SON & CO.,

For the U. S. Sanitary Commission,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

9125
.66

CAXTON PRESS OF C. SHERMAN, SON & CO.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN

OF THE

Third Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry,

THIS MEMOIR OF A LATE COMRADE

IS DEDICATED.

INTRODUCTION.

This brief Memoir was drawn up at the request of a manager of the Metropolitan Fair in aid of the Sanitary Commission. It was thought that a sketch of the career of the most distinguished young men who have died in the present struggle for law and right would interest all who sympathize with the cause, and that the story of their upright lives might be an example to those who emulate their brave deeds. In every war—above all, in one like this—there are countless sublime acts which are never heard of, hosts of heroes among the nameless dead. "Their works do follow them," and are written on high in characters which the whole world shall read at the last great day. Until then their stories are not for us, and we must turn to the register of those who had made themselves known before they fell.

The subject of the following pages was of that number, and his parents felt that they could not refuse to the use of his country the record of the

life he gave in her service. The narrative has been compiled from his own letters, placed at the disposal of the editor by his family, and from the recollections of his friends and fellow officers. There has been no attempt to embellish the story; it stands in its simplicity, pointing to a moral as old as Time, that the best Christian is the bravest soldier, and the purest life has the most peaceful end.

Germantown, March, 1864.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

His Boyhood, ... 9

CHAPTER II.

The First Call to Arms, ... 23

CHAPTER III.

The Campaign in Missouri, ... 33

CHAPTER IV.

The Peninsula, ... 52

CHAPTER V.

The First Winter in the Field, ... 77

CHAPTER VI.

The Raids, ... 89

CHAPTER VII.

Home Invaded, ... 102

CHAPTER VIII.

The Guerrillas, ... 114

CHAPTER IX.

The End, ... 133

"There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars,
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

"Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O no! from yon blue tent above
A hero's armor gleams.

"And earnest thoughts within me rise
As I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

"O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain:
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

"Within my breast there is no light
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars."

MEMOIR OF

WALTER S. NEWHALL.

CHAPTER I.

HIS BOYHOOD.

"Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed,
They shall dive and they shall run."

"From their fifth to their twentieth year, they instruct their children in three things only,—the art of the bow, horsemanship, and a strict regard to truth."

Walter Symonds Newhall was born in Philadelphia, October 31st, 1841. He was the third of ten sons, of the good old Mayflower stock, seasoned in the War of Independence. His parents moved to Germantown, Pennsylvania, when he was only seven years old, and that to him henceforward was home, and the dearest spot on earth. From earliest childhood, he showed most of the peculiarities which distinguished him as a man. Warmth of heart, love of fun, scorn of pain, indomitable will, and perfect truthfulness, always characterized him. Pride and temper, too, the "foes within," which he fought so hard in after years, were not slow in

showing themselves. He was easily led by the silken cord of love, but could not be driven by any means; he resisted resolutely, and never gave up while he saw a chance of carrying his point; but strong sense and practical intelligence also early gave him the faculty of perceiving when this was hopeless. He was brought up with a reverence for authority, which he always preserved, notwithstanding his extreme independence and self-reliance, and which served to make him so good a soldier, able both to command and to obey. He was a manly child from his very cradle, full of spirit and fond of active games, but withal his heart was full of tenderness. He was always undemonstrative and reserved, shy of speaking his feelings, and even of having them known; but they welled over to his mother and baby-sister, with whom his gentleness and affection were like a woman's, and his strong love for his father, brothers and friends, found expression in other ways than by words. Even as a school-boy he was fond of little children, and took great pains to amuse and interest them, listening to their stories, and telling them stories in return, that left them with eyes and mouth wide open, and their sense of the marvellous greatly heightened; in travelling he would sit beside them in the cars, make their acquaintance, soothe their fears, learn their history, astonish them with some tale of wonder, and part

from them as if they were old cronies. This is an unusual trait in a bluff boy with his head full of town-ball and cricket. When ten or twelve years of age, he went with his father to see the dramatized version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" he was amused and excited at first, but as the interest of the plot increased and the scenes became pathetic and painful, he was affected and distressed; he struggled with it as any boy will, shy and ashamed of his emotion, choking the sighs and gulping down the tears, until at last, unable to contain himself, he exclaimed in a strangled voice, between wrath and grief: "What do they act such things for? They make me sick;" and requested to be taken from the theatre. His father, who saw that he was in a state of great agitation, took him home, and he was quite ill from excitement for a day or two afterwards.

He was not fond of study, and never particularly distinguished himself at school; but he was the hero of the play-ground. He had a real passion for out-of-door amusements, and excelled in every athletic exercise. He was pre-eminent among his playfellows in all games, whether of speed, strength, or skill; the heartiness with which he entered into the sport, and which never failed or flagged, made each eager to secure him for his side. Yet this superiority excited no jealousy; it was felt and owned, and his companions delighted

in it. One who was his earliest playfellow, as well as the dearest friend of his later years, says: "No boy ever spoke ill of him; no one ever had anything unkind to say." And so it was throughout his life, from the play-ground to the cricket-field, and at last in the camp. An older man, who had seen much of him under the very circumstances to test the presence of such qualities, remarked that Walter's own perfect generosity and magnanimity seemed to influence all those who came in contact with him; his success stirred no envy, no ill-nature, no spite; petty feelings withered away before his noble, genial disposition. He was always popular, and his good nature, high spirits, unselfishness and whole-heartedness, were enough to account for it. Behind all his gayety and frankness there was an impenetrable wall of reserve. He had faults, but no foibles; and such characters, though they must command the respect, do not usually win the affection and sympathy of ordinary persons. Yet he possessed both in a greater degree than any man or woman we have ever known. There was an undefinable greatness about him, both as boy and man, that made a lasting impression on all who ever saw him.

Town life, and even the half rural existence he led at home, were not free enough for his love of nature, and of country sports and out-of-door pursuits. The greatest enjoyment of his boyhood was

in his yearly visits to the wild and beautiful scenery of the Northern States. He passed several summers among the mountains and lakes of Maine, swimming, riding, fishing, shooting, and leading the life of a hunter, wading in the trout-streams, and camping out in the woods. His coming was always hailed with joy by the kind and hospitable friends with whom he made his home there; his good humor, fun, and high spirits made him the very life of the house, and the keen zest with which he entered into all the pursuits of his hosts delighted them, particularly as they had not looked for such healthy tastes and hardy habits in a "city boy." He continued to return to these favorite haunts long after he had left school-days and childhood behind him; still turning with eagerness from his desk in the counting-room to the beautiful scenery and athletic sports which were a necessity of his nature.

He was about twelve years old when the boys of his neighborhood began to take up the game of cricket. For some years there had been a club of older men in Philadelphia, who played regularly at Camden, New Jersey; now a Germantown club was formed, and created a great excitement among the youth. Several of the Newhalls were among the first members, and Walter's singular excellence in all games of strength and skill immediately showed itself in this. He threw him-

self into it with his usual ardor, and his career as a cricketer is a chapter by itself in his short story. The game became quite a feature in Philadelphia life. The interests of that respectable city are neither so various nor so numerous, perhaps, as those of some other towns of the same size; but it is surprising to see, when an idea penetrates the community, how completely it pervades it. Cricket became the fashion, the great excitement and chief topic of a large class, for six months of the year. Everybody soon belonged to one club or another: the Philadelphia included those between twenty-one and thirty-five years of age, professional men and men of business; the Germantown Club was composed of a younger set, college lads and school-boys. Shortly afterwards another club was formed, called the Young America, which was made up of all the younger brothers and boys considered too young to belong to the Germantown,—mere children. A number of others, the Olympian, Delphian, &c., sprang up in different directions, and the rage became so universal, that parties of small ragged boys, hardly out of petticoats, were to be seen with sticks for bats, and stones for balls, setting up their wickets on rough lots, covered with ashes and oyster-shells. The young ladies of the society shared in the excitement, and were violent partisans of the different clubs and individual players. Whenever a match or even a game was going on,

rows of sympathizing spectators sat on the fences which surrounded the ground, hour after hour, with the sun on their heads, through the long hot day. Of course, where the interest in the game was so general, a fine player became a very conspicuous and important personage, much noticed, much flattered, and consequently, sometimes a little spoiled. Walter Newhall distinguished himself immediately, and attracted a great deal of attention by his extreme grace and masterly play, which his youth made the more remarkable. As the clubs improved, year after year, by constant practice, he kept pace with their progress, always maintaining his pre-eminence, until his long-established local reputation spread among those who were interested in the game, throughout the whole country. But the praise and notice which were lavished upon him never affected him in the slightest degree: he was not in the least personally elated by success, nor mortified by failure; his only feeling was for the victory or defeat of his side, with which he wholly identified himself. His best moral qualities were displayed on the field,—cheerfulness, generosity, endurance, perseverance, and modesty. He never grew weary or lost heart, and was the soul of his party. He was noted for his generosity in sacrificing himself, when he could do so without losing sight of the interests of his side, to give another player a chance. When the fate of the game was

doubtful, however, he was always anxious for the best place, having great self-reliance, and full consciousness of his own superiority. Yet there was no strutting as cock of the walk; he took his place in the simple, unassuming manner which belonged to him in all circumstances, a result of mingled pride and modesty.

The qualities needed for a good cricketer are a quick eye, a cool head, a steady hand, a strong arm, a swift foot, and an active body; good humor, equanimity, perseverance, self-reliance, and discipline. The effect of all this upon the physical and moral tone of the young men was very soon apparent; they grew muscular and robust, and their characters gained in manliness. Since the war has called away so many of these young champions, that the pleasant fields and lanes about our homes are deserted and dreary, it has been a subject of curiosity to ascertain whether the cricket-field had furnished its quota, and it may not be uninteresting to those in favor of manly sports to know the result. Of the first eleven of the Philadelphia Club but nine were Americans, and seven of these went to the war; of the first eleven of the Germantown Club (those who habitually played against the Philadelphia), eight are or have been in the service; of the Young Americans (who beat the Germantown boys in the spring of 1859), the whole first eleven have borne arms; and of those

who played the Family Match, as it was called, the Newhalls and Wisters *versus* first eleven of the Germantown (a game saved to the "Families," by Walter Newhall's masterly batting), the whole eleven of the winning side, five Newhalls and six Wisters, were in the army at the same time. So many other members of these and all the clubs are or have been in service that there has been almost no playing for the last three years. The breaking out of the war was the breaking up of cricket in Philadelphia.

Walter Newhall did his work with the same heartiness and thoroughness with which he entered into sport. At sixteen he left school and entered the counting-room. Though his duties there could hardly have been congenial to him,—as his enjoyment of such a different life afterwards proved,—he performed them with great alacrity and ability. He was never afraid of work, and bent his strong will to excel in this as in other things. His ambition seemed to be to show his seniors that when anything was to be done he could be relied upon. His mind had a practical bent, and his judgment and common sense were remarkable, which stood him in good stead in this as well as in every other position.

After about a twelvemonth at the desk, he took up the study of chemistry, which was more to his taste, and entered the laboratory of Messrs. Booth

& Garrett, where he remained for two years, until the war broke out. There, as everywhere else, his good humor and high spirits rendered him a favorite with both his instructors and fellow-students. His fun was inexhaustible and irresistible; he diffused a spirit of life and mirth wherever he went. His fondness for life in the open air and out-of-door amusements was unabated; whenever he could take a holiday or a half-holiday, he rushed back to cricket with more zest than ever.

The last year of his happy home-life was a brilliant one in the annals of American cricket. There were a number of great matches played between the best clubs in the country, and with the Canadians, and the famous All England Eleven. Walter never left the Germantown Club, but was chosen by the different committees, to play on almost all these public occasions. As a first-class player, his average for this, his last season, was larger than that of any cricketer known in the United States. He "went to bat" thirty-two times, and scored five hundred and forty-nine runs, making an average of seventeen in each innings; he was also distinguished as a "back-stop," a difficult and responsible post, in which, however, his prowess cannot be stated in figures. His highest match score was a hundred and five runs, but he repeatedly made upwards of fifty. He distinguished himself constantly, especially in the matches with the All England Eleven.

At the match played with them at Hoboken, New Jersey, early in October, 1859, he made the second best score on his side. A week or two later, when playing with the same Eleven in Philadelphia, his "fielding" was so fine, that one of the Englishmen being disabled, they applied for Walter to take his place and make up their number. The following June, 1860, he played three matches in the course of one week. On the first, against the St. George's Cricket Club of New York, accounted the best in the country, he made fifty-nine in one game; one of the finest American scores on record, from fifteen to twenty being fair average play. On the two following days he made twenty-five against the New York Club, the highest score on his side. He was as fresh and as strong as ever at the end of this tremendous week, and ready for another match, while most of the cricketers were exhausted or really injured by the exertion. A number of base-ball players were present at these matches, and noticing with how much grace and power he threw the ball (the great point in their game), they challenged him to try against their best man. He could hardly decline, and threw the ball over one hundred and thirteen yards,—several yards further than the base-ball player. The latter and his friends seeming to think this was a sort of phenomenon, that could not be repeated, urged another trial. Walter said, in his usual careless manner:

"Very well, I'm going to dinner; when you've beaten that throw, call me and I'll try again," and walked off. But he was not called. In the course of these matches he also, on two successive days, struck the cricket-ball over the high board fence which bounds the Hoboken ground, a thing which had never been done before, even by the All England Eleven. On the first occasion it was pronounced accidental by the other side, but when he repeated the feat, they had nothing to say.

There is an annual match between the American and English on the 4th of July, which excites great interest among cricketers; with whom it is known as the Home International. Walter had played on this match for several years, and in 1860 he made one of the best scores at it, and in the course of the same week two remarkable ones, in matches between Germantown and New York, and Philadelphia *versus* Newark. About the same time he again played against the St. George with great distinction. These prolonged exertions, this putting forth the utmost strength and speed, day after day, in the hottest weather, never exhausted or over-fatigued him, and early the following month he was in another great match played at New York by the American against the Canadians. He had been unfortunate the previous year in a similar match at Toronto, and now amazed the Canadians by scoring thirty-eight runs, the highest made by

any one on either side. This was one of his greatest days on the cricket-field, and it was one of the last. But when he left the scene of so many youthful triumphs for a far different field, where he was to win fame in sterner ways, he desired that his bat should be kept until the day when he might go back to it, and to his old life, and hang up forever the sabre, for which he now forsook them.

Before turning the bright and uneventful page of Walter's boyhood, it is meet and right to speak of certain influences which had their full share in developing his moral nature, and of which his character and conduct bore the unmistakable stamp. The intercourse between his parents and their children was always remarkably free. None of the sons had any secrets from their father, who in return treated them with the utmost confidence, and an equality, which in no wise hurt his parental authority. He was the companion of his boys, and entered into all their plans and pleasures with an interest hardly second to their own. Truth was the virtue which he inculcated above all others, and it was the strongest feature of Walter's character. He never told a falsehood in his life, and though he might displease his parents he never deceived them. They felt that they could trust him implicitly, and consequently placed a confidence in him which kept alive the keenest sense of honor and responsibility on his part. He was brought

up with a profound respect for religion, and from an early age went regularly to church and Sunday school. He never spoke of his religious feelings,—he never spoke of any of his feelings,—and he detested and ridiculed cant, which he was quick to detect in every guise; but his life proved that the teachings of the church and of his home had sunk deep into his heart. By the universal testimony of those who saw him year after year, at the times when all restraint was thrown off, his companions on the cricket-field, his fellow-students in the laboratory, and his comrades in camp, no profane or impure word ever fell from his lips, and in the midst of his magnificent manhood, he led a blameless life. If any boy should chance to read this brief record of a boy's life, let him lay this to heart. Walter Newhall was no child of sickly sentimentalism, or unreal precocious piety, no would-be saint; he was the merriest and bravest of boys, the foremost in fun and frolic, the hero of the play-ground, a prince of good-fellows. He could play ten-pins and billiards as well as ball and cricket; he could ride and swim and shoot; he was the very type of gallant youth,—and yet he was reverent, temperate, chaste as an ideal knight. The crowning grace of his perfect manhood was his Christian purity.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST CALL TO ARMS.

"As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight. Truth hath a quiet breast."

"Young knights and squires, a lighter train,
Practised their chargers on the plain,
By aid of hands, of leg, and rein,
Each warlike feat to show;
To pass, to wheel, the croup to gain,
And high curvett, that not in vain
The sword-sway might descend amain
On foeman's casque below."

THE storm which had been brewing so long burst at last, in April, 1861. The flag was fired upon, Fort Sumter surrendered, and the news rang through the land that the war had begun. For a moment every one held their breath, not knowing what was to follow; then came the President's proclamation, and the whole North rose with a shout. For one day the excitement in Philadelphia was turbulent and dangerous. Thousands of every class assembled, furious at the news of the surrender, swearing vengeance on the disunionists and disaffected. They marched through the streets,

their number swelling as they went, and surrounded the houses of those known to sympathize with the South, demanding that the Star-spangled Banner should be displayed from the windows. The leading secessionists fled for their lives, and did not dare to show their faces for some days. No blood was shed, and no outrage was committed beyond knocking down a few persons in the crowd, and demolishing the office of a newspaper called the Palmetto Flag. It was no common mob; crowds of decent and respectable citizens mingled with the rougher throng. It was a popular demonstration, and no violence was intended or perpetrated, but the people were fearfully excited. A touch would have snapped their restraint, and riot must have followed. The Mayor pacified them by a sensible, moderate speech, and most of them dispersed quietly; the rest he sent away authoritatively, having a strong body of police in reserve. The President's Proclamation appeared on the next day and had an excellent effect; it opened a channel for all this fervor, and infused a life and cheerfulness into everybody that had been long unknown. The Governor of Pennsylvania instantly issued a spirited reply, and there was but one subject of thought and conversation. Business almost stopped. The streets were filled with a crowd of idle, eager, hurrying, lounging, talking, listening people, of every age, sex, and condition, men and

women, who had never met before, accosting each other with breathless questions. Every building was hung and draped with the Stars and Stripes, as if for some grand procession, and the long straight perspective of the streets was broken by the waving folds of innumerable flags and banners. The shop windows made a gay show, the wares being grouped together in the national tri-color. Wherever there was a bulletin-board, there was a jam of people trying to read the last telegraphic despatch. The reports were numerous and incredible, and though no one believed, every one was eager to hear them. The only real intelligence was the stirring accounts of the simultaneous rising of the people in obedience to the summons of the Government. The regular troops from New England and New York were passing through the city all day and all night. Enlisting and drilling had begun, and every man, young or old, was joining some one of the countless companies. The old established bodies of militia filled up at once, and were in hourly expectation of being ordered off. Farewells were exchanged on every side, and with this leave-taking the agony of the coming years began.

The President's first call for troops was published on the 15th of April. Walter Newhall was among the first to respond, readily, cheerily, heartily. Single-minded as he was, he saw but one answer to such a summons, and as usual, his answer was in

action. Two days afterwards, on the 17th, he wrote to a young friend: "We want to raise a cavalry company of Germantown boys, who won't mind fighting for the Stars and Stripes. Call when you come to town. We'll have a good time, and save the country yet."

The organization of this company was begun at once. The young men who formed the nucleus were a dozen of about the same age, between nineteen and twenty-five, old schoolfellows and comrades. They had learned the same lessons, played the same games, and roamed through the same woods and fields. Most of the associations of their short lives were the same; and they struck joyously into this new track, pleased with the idea that they should travel it together. The captaincy was offered to Wm. Rotch Wister of Germantown. He was the senior of his young recruits by about ten years. He had known them from childhood; he had seen them grow up. They were the companions of his own brothers, one of whom was in the troop. He shared all their earnestness and enthusiasm for the cause in which they were banded, and accepted the position in the same spirit in which it was tendered. In a few days they went into barracks at Chestnut Hill, in the untenanted inn attached to an unused race-course. They began in right soldierly fashion, sleeping on "shake-downs" in the bare, empty rooms, washing at the pump, and groom-

ing their own horses. They mounted and equipped themselves, and were soon joined by many young men from the neighborhood and from Philadelphia. The race-course made a capital parade-ground, and they employed a sergeant of the old United States Cavalry (now a captain in the 1st New York Cavalry,) as a drill-master, who trained them thoroughly in the manual and the management of their horses. This apprenticeship proved of the greatest use to the little party, nearly every member of which has since been in active service in the field, many being to-day cavalry officers of distinction.

They remained at Chestnut Hill for two months, drilling constantly, and doing all the duties of a private soldier. Those two months will long be remembered by every member of that young band, and by many another who looks back to it as a bright halting-place, across the oceans of blood and tears which separate us from the spring of 1861. Our sorrows had not come upon us then ; at least they had not come home to us. We were hopeful and confident,—over-confident. But few saw what was to come, and they were not listened to, or if listened to, laughed at for false prophets and faint hearts. When the whole North seemed to move as one man, when the youngest, and bravest, and wisest, and best, all struck hands and rushed forward together, it was a sober and sad judgment

which could foresee what we had to go through before we reached the end,—the end which then looked so near, and has since looked so far. Those who boastfully named ninety days, or six weeks, or a twelvemonth, as the term of the war, only spoke the real feeling of the whole North. There were many who would not couch their belief in such braggart words; there were few who did not echo them in their hearts. We had yet to learn our lesson. And it was not strange that, all unused as we were to misfortune and reverse, we could not and would not believe that they were in store for us. The first blood had hardly been shed, the first young hero had hardly been snatched away, and the possibility, the reality of such things had not been ground into us. Few could look upon that troop at Chestnut Hill, running, leaping, breaking their horses, every form instinct with vigor, every eye brilliant with health, every step bounding with glad excitement of youth and conscious strength, and understand the meaning of such words as defeat and death. The season, too, drove such thoughts away. The spring was late, and came at last with one burst of warmth and bloom. Such bright days as followed each other, week after week, such luxuriant vegetation, such swarms of insect life, such a profusion of flowers in the fields and gardens, such a harvest of strawberries, had seldom been seen. Everything followed in rapid

succession. The fruit-blossoms had not melted away from the orchards before the roses came, and in the dark pine woods which overhang the Wissahickon, the milk-white flowers of the dogwood had not faded before the laurel-blossoms spread like a blush over the gray rocks. The barracks were the constant resort of the whole neighborhood, and the steep sylvan lanes, usually so lonely, which lead from the Wissahickon to Chestnut Hill became travelled and frequented. Lines of carriages, laden like provision trains, were constantly on the way to the relief of the volunteers, carrying hampers packed with reminiscences of pic-nics. Tender mothers, thoughtful sisters, and fair philanthropists, brought hams, tongues, a-la-mode beef, meat pies, fruit, cake, and pastry, and drove away, sighing for the poor fellows and the hardships of the soldier's life. Poor fellows, indeed! They must have laughed since then, over their salt pork and hard crackers, to think of the sympathy and solicitude with which their larder was supplied during their short military apprenticeship. The afternoon drill was the favorite time, and then, day after day, the stand would be covered with spectators; the seats were crowded with pretty faces under picturesque hats, light summer dresses, and gay scarves; and the young knights below went through their evolutions, duly stimulated by the thought of the bright eyes that watched them.

The young men were nearly all good horsemen, having been used to the saddle from childhood. Walter Newhall was one of the best riders, and by far the finest swordsman of them all. The same dexterity which had given him such advantage with his cricket-bat, now showed itself in his perfect command of the sabre, and their drill-master said that it would take but little practice to make him the most accomplished swordsman in the army. He was also a capital shot, and soon became remarkably proficient in the manual. His agility and activity were extraordinary. He could run and clear a horizontal bar on a level with his head, without touching it; and jump over his horse, which was more than sixteen hands high, with perfect ease. His grace was as remarkable as his strength. He was at this time between nineteen and twenty, about six feet tall, straight as an arrow, with falling shoulders, a noble chest, slender waist and flanks, and long limbs, on which the muscles started at every motion. His head was small and well set, covered with close curling brown locks. The upper part of his face was very handsome; the forehead was broad, white, and smooth. The eyes, which were gray, were set deep beneath straight, dark brows, and had always a peculiar steadiness and earnestness of gaze, which at times deepened into formidable sternness. The other features were somewhat heavy, but

expressive of great determination, and later they sharpened and became finer in outline. His teeth were fine, and his complexion clear and fresh. There was in his appearance the same sort of classical simplicity which belonged to his character. His attitudes and postures, as he ran, leaped, wrestled, or curbed his high-spirited, half-broken horse, recalled the famous Quoit-player and Wrestlers of the Tribune at Florence, or the horsemen in the *bassi-relievi* on the Arch of Constantine. Mind and body alike were cast in a heroic mould.

Beside the drill and exercises there were other tasks to be performed, which were not agreeable even to the most enthusiastic. The guard-mounting and police duties are not the pleasantest part of camp life, and were less so than usual at Chestnut Hill, because as the company had not been regularly mustered into the service, no one had actual authority to compel obedience. Newhall went through these duties as thoroughly and cheerfully as his manual, and set an example of willingness to his comrades. He worked indefatigably, determined to master whatever was to be learned there, and to do whatever was to be done. His spirits did not desert him, and his indifference to discomfort made it seem lighter to the others. He was as popular here as everywhere else.

They remained at Chestnut Hill until the middle

of June, and went through a course of training, which sent them to the field, better fitted for the exigencies of their position than most of our volunteers. A cavalry company from Reading, Pennsylvania, joined them, while they still had the hope of being accepted by the Government, and another from Whitemarsh, Pennsylvania, chiefly farmers, (men who have done good service in the six months since Gettysburg,) came to cast in their lot with theirs, so that they made a fine body of men, ready to serve their country, and provide themselves with horses and equipments at their own expense. But at that time there was a belief at Washington that cavalry would not be needed, and volunteers were not encouraged to join that arm of the service. After repeated disappointments, it became clear that the Government would not accept them as a company, and at the end of two months they disbanded, and each one began to look out for a position for himself.

CHAPTER III.

THE CAMPAIGN IN MISSOURI.

"The rush of squadrons, sweeping
Like whirlwinds o'er the plain,
The shouting of the slayers,
The screeching of the slain."

"Tis meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly armed, and ordered how,
The soldiers of the guard."

THIS memorable spring was followed by a summer still more memorable. The Battle of Bull Run waked every one to the truth, that a long and bloody struggle was beginning. The effect was instantaneous and tremendous. The enlisting went on faster than it had done since the first call to arms. Such multitudes rushed to the recruiting stations, that the officers sat from morning until evening at their post, and yet were unable to enter the names of all who presented themselves in the course of the day. All the officers who had entered the service were impatient to be in action, and the regiments in process of organization filled up and left for the seat of war at once.

General Frémont had just then returned from

abroad. Walter Newhall applied to him for any post in which he could make his knowledge of cavalry useful; but did not meet with much encouragement at first. He kept himself before the General's notice, however; and on the morning of July 26th, received a telegram, signed "Asboth," telling him to report at St. Louis as second lieutenant of cavalry. Always prompt, he left the same night, and on the 4th of August, wrote from St. Louis as follows:

"I arrived here this morning. General Frémont will be here this afternoon, and I am to call in the morning for instructions."

"August 5th. I called upon Colonel Asboth this morning, and he has made me a second lieutenant of the body guard of General Frémont, which is thought to be a first-rate place. We are to take a ride together this afternoon, as he wishes to see how I move."

"August 11th. Am very busy. Left the hotel at 5 o'clock this A. M., and have just returned, 9 P. M. To-morrow we have our men mustered into the service. They enlist and get the same pay as regulars."

"August 17th. Very busy at the barracks, drilling men, &c."

"August 21st. Eighty-nine men arrived from Kentucky to-day, as members of the body guard. Our captain having decided to increase the organi-

zation, we are at present recruiting for a third company. We require of the men joining, the very best of recommendation, and have already men from nine States of the Union. The body guard is to act as escort when the body of General Lyon arrives."

"September 10th. The Western department has seen fit to appoint me a first lieutenant in the body guard, with increased duties. We have been on the road almost all the week, day and night. No time to write."

"September 13th. Received letters from home yesterday, but didn't have time to read them until this A. M. We were in the saddle from 7 A. M. till 9 P. M. without dinner, and the men are taking a rest to-day. I am in command of Company A."

"September 20th. We take the field on Monday with the Major-General and almost all the troops in and about St. Louis. We shall probably stop at Springfield, unless sooner brought up by the rebels."

"September 25th. We leave to-morrow for Jefferson City. Boat leaves at 12 o'clock. Have been already waiting marching orders for two days."

His old fun did not die out in the hard and busy life which he had begun. He had a budget of good stories about his sojourn in St. Louis, and as usual several jokes against himself, one of which gave him especial delight, as an instance of his own

complete discomfiture. He was walking down one of the principal streets, when Mrs. Frémont's carriage passed him and drew up before a shop. He was at some distance from the spot, but he strode on apace. Could he allow the wife of his chief to descend from her chariot unaided, or with only the support of a footman? Impossible! His courtesy and chivalry were all aroused; he sprang forward, straightened himself, opened the carriage-door, and with one hand to his cap, held out the other, hastily ungloved, to assist the lady to descend; as she stepped out he respectfully raised his eyes, and beheld—the sable phiz of Mrs. Frémont's black maid, who had been sent out to shop for her mistress.

On his journey from St. Louis to Jefferson City, his singular power over others was tested in a peculiar way. There was a man with *mania a potu* on the boat; he was almost wild, and absolutely unreasonable and unmanageable. Captain Foley and Major Zagonyi tried in vain to quiet him; his cries and curses disturbed every one on board. At length they called Newhall, to see whether he could do anything with him. The young officer came up, with his brow lowering, and his eyes steady and stern, as they could be when need was, and merely uttered a few words in his usual decided manner. The man cowered instantly. "Lieutenant, you're my master," he replied, with a maudlin at-

tempt at conciliation; "I'll make no more noise;" and they had no further trouble with him in that way; but the poor wretch was too far gone in his madness, and jumped overboard before they arrived.

"Jefferson City, October 4th. We arrived here safely, after a long and tedious trip. Our horses were in pretty good condition, and our three companies presented quite an appearance as we passed by the Major-General, who came up in the cars, and arrived here the night before we did. We were scouting yesterday, but met with nothing worthy of note. We leave our camp to-morrow morning; destination unknown. All the camps were broken up, and our troops moved off this morning."

"Warsaw, Mo., October 20th. We made a little excursion across the Osage yesterday; captured one Secessionist, fifteen mules, seven horses, and one hundred bushels of wheat, &c. We don't have to pay much; we give receipts, to be paid at discretion of the Government. We have not yet met anybody who has seen the rebel army. We are quartered in a Secesh house, and have the photographs of the male members of the family, who are in the rebel army; they are armed with a rifle, two pistols, two bowie-knives, and one meat-saw, each. Pleasant-looking customers to meet about dusk. We have been here since Thursday; are waiting for the completion of the bridge,

which is being erected over the river at this point. We leave to-morrow morning for Quincy, about twenty-miles distant, and from thence march against Price, who is dividing his army into three divisions, and breaking for the woods, so we may miss him after all."

"Left Warsaw on the night of the 22d October. Stopped at the Three-mile House overnight. The men quartered in a barn belonging to a farmer. I tried to sleep outside with overcoat and India-rubber blanket; but growing cold towards morning, was obliged to borrow more bedding, and to pull over an extra quantity of straw. Heavy frost during the night. Men had to turn in without supper. Captain Haskell supplied us with some hard crackers. The 'lady' won't sell any potatoes, although she has a cellar full, as she says the soldiers have stolen everything away from her. Made fifteen miles."

"23d. Encamped on marshy ground in Benton County. We make short marches until Price's direction is ascertained, when the body guard starts out on its own hook."

"First camp out of Warsaw. Major White has retaken Lexington with two hundred rebels, liberated our prisoners, and sent them to St. Louis, on board three steamers, also captured by him."

"October 24th. Made fifteen miles, and encamped fifteen miles from Bolivar. Major Zagonyi

has obtained permission to move forward with the body guard, in conjunction with Major White and his Prairie Scouts. Started at 8½ o'clock P. M.; passed Bolivar about 2 o'clock A. M.; halted at ——'s house for two hours; rested and fed horses twenty-five miles from Springfield. At about ten miles from Springfield, at 12 o'clock noon, on 25th, overtook seven scouts, captured six; the seventh escaped and carried the alarm into the town. I captured one fellow, who was fired at ten times by a sergeant of Company C. Was thrown off while trying to pass a bush. Sergeant Hunter was also thrown, and somewhat hurt by the fall. Prisoner took to the woods, followed by me. No signs of him for half an hour, when suddenly saw something creeping in the grass; challenged and retook prisoner before the Major came up. He was very angry because I hadn't shot him; said he couldn't take charge of prisoners. Told him he could shoot him now if he wanted to. News now came that the town was occupied by two thousand men. Nothing daunted, the Major pushed on, crossing the prairie through corn-fields into Mount Vernon Road, down which we marched at fast trot. We saw some Secceshers in advance, and 'to the charge' was ordered. They cantered very leisurely, and led us directly into the enemy's camp. Providence, which rules all things, was especially our guide in this instance. Perceiving the enemy in such strong force, as I

was at the head of the column, leaped in my seat and asked the Major if the charge should be continued. 'Certainly.' Down we went full split, drawing the enemy's fire. The Virginia rail fence saved many a poor fellow. We threw down the fence, forward, and charged. They ran, we followed, cutting them down like grass. Since the fight, we learn from authentic sources that one hundred and seven were killed, among whom was a colonel. Two lieutenants were taken after the fight while trying to escape. No prisoners taken on the field. The general impression is that the infantry of these parts won't stand the well-directed charge of impetuous cavalry-men. 'Tis poor fun after all. The brush cost us seventeen valuable lives, and about twenty wounded; ten missing, supposed to be prisoners in the hands of the enemy. Some people have been kind enough to compare our charge to the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, the immortal six hundred."

It is a striking circumstance that the battle of Springfield was fought on the anniversary of that very charge.

Others describe this fight in more words, and stronger words, than the young lieutenant who had won his spurs and fleshed his sword that day. Major Zagonyi's account is graphic, and we venture to copy parts of it from Mrs. Frémont's "Story of the Guard."

"Running down the lane between the cross-fire, the first company (Newhall's) followed close, but the rest stopped for a couple of seconds. I had not wondered if none had come,—young soldiers, and such a tremendous fire,—bullets coming like a rain. . . . . I expected to find the enemy on the other side of Springfield; but, unexpectedly coming out of the woods to an open place, I was fired on, in front of my command. Halted for a minute; seeing that, or a bold forward march under a cross-fire, or a doubtful retreat with losing most of my men, I took the first, and commanded 'March!' Under a heavy cross-fire (in trot), down the little hill in the lane, two hundred yards, to a creek, where I ordered the fence to be opened; marched in my command, ordered them to form, and with the war-cry of 'Frémont and the Union,' we made the attack. The first company (Newhall's,) forty-seven strong, against five or six hundred infantry, and the rest against the cavalry, was made so successfully, that, in three minutes, the cavalry run in every direction, the infantry retreated in the thick wood, and their cavalry in every direction."

Newhall's first thought was always of home and the fond hearts that were so full of anxiety for his well-being, and on the very battle-field, in all the heat of the recent encounter, he scratched off the following letter in pencil, and despatched it at once.

"Twenty-five miles east of Springfield, Mo., October 27th. We met the enemy, about 2000 strong, and thoroughly routed him; loss not known: ours is six killed, fifteen wounded. Although we retired after the fight, the place remained in charge of the wounded and their attendants. We march again to-night for Springfield. Our men are very much used up, having been in the saddle thirty-six hours, fought a grand battle, and marched eighty miles. My horse was shot twice by rifle-balls, and one load of buckshot, but he carried me through the whole affair splendidly. The General is here, and seems to be proud of us. We were about one hundred and sixty strong. We passed down a lane exposed to a cross-fire, before making our charge, which killed two and wounded one or two. Company A charged the infantry, with a loss of four men, and five or six horses. Please send me a good sabre; mine bent in thrusting, and the edge turned against the bones. Had my pistol knocked out of my hand, and what is supposed to be a bullet, doubled up my scabbard. Will write more fully soon. Charley Treichel passed through without a scratch, and behaved admirably. I went in with forty-nine men, and came out with twenty-six. The excitement about equalled that experienced after making 'a six over the fence.'"

"Springfield, Mo., October 29. Hope your anxiety about me will be relieved when you have

the accounts of our successful attack upon the rebels, and my coming out of the battle in safety. While charging at the head of the column down the lane, a runaway horse ran against me, and sent me heels over head, horse and all, among the stones and dirt. At this time we were exposed to a most dreadful fire, and you will imagine that under the circumstances it didn't take me long to regain my former position in the saddle. During the engagement a ball passed through the breast of my coat, entering opposite the right shoulder, and coming out under the chin, making a hole through the vest. You would say this was a narrow escape, as you have not seen the mark of a ball along Major Zagonyi's neck. In fact not a dozen of our men escaped without some sign of bullets or sabres. The body guard has won a name that will not be forgotten even in history. The fact of one hundred and sixty men attacking and defeating at least two thousand is unparalleled, and I would not part with my share of the glory for all the world.

"My company charged the infantry, and Major Zagonyi led Companies B and C against the cavalry. We separated after the charge, and did not meet again until near the town, both having accomplished the objects in view. After dispersing the infantry in all directions, we crossed the road and charged into a camp of cavalry, where were about four hundred infantry, also with success, but with

the loss of three very good men and several horses. The wounded, prisoners, and city, remained in charge of eighteen men, until we returned on Sunday morning with reinforcements. At one time I thought we should have to surrender, as we were completely surrounded; but we charged, yelling like wild cats and Indians mixed, and drove the whole party like a flock of sheep. The rebel prisoners say, they thought Frémont's whole army was upon them. Some of them believe it yet."

The newspapers of course were full of flaming descriptions of the engagement, and Newhall received his full share of praise; but there was one short paragraph in a Western paper which pleased him most of all the tributes paid to his courage on the occasion, and which deserves to be perpetuated as a proof of the estimation in which he was held by his own men.

"Honor to whom Honor is Due.—The First Lieutenant of Company A, Frémont's Body Guard, Walter Newhall, from Philadelphia, has excelled himself in the fight at Springfield. Honor to him, who has always stood on the side of his comrades, not only with the sword, but as a friend and adviser of his men, who are all his warmest supporters.

"In the name of Company A, Frémont's Body Guard."

Another touching proof of the regard which his

company had for him, came, long afterwards, through a Philadelphia lady, who went to St. Louis to nurse in the hospitals there. In one of the wards she found a soldier of the body guard, recovering from a fever, a very intelligent, well-informed, manly person, in whose mind solemn thoughts had been awakened by the recent dangers through which he had passed at the battle of Springfield. In the course of conversation the lady mentioned Lieutenant Newhall, and the man's whole countenance lighted up on finding that she knew his officer: "He is the finest man in the regiment!" he exclaimed, "and the most popular. He knows how to deal with men; he is always kindly, always treats them as if they were men, and not machines. I have heard one-half the men say, they would rather serve under Newhall than any man in the service." He went on to speak of his many virtues, especially his patience and forbearance with the troublesome fellows in the company, adding, "He is a true Christian. I have seen him sorely tried, and I never heard him swear."

The troops now encamped on the prairie near Springfield, and the few days which followed this splendid charge were devoted to paying the last honors to those who had fallen. A body of Delaware Indians with their chief, Fall-leaf, here joined the force. Their knowledge of the country and their training as hunters made them invaluable as

scouts, and they had the utmost devotion for General Frémont. Many of them on meeting him threw off the proverbial Indian undemonstrativeness, and embraced him with every profession of attachment. They went into camp close to his quarters, and held themselves on the alert. One night some of the Eastern troops, who had never seen a red man before, tried to induce them to perform a native dance. They were not very ready to exhibit themselves, but the argument of whisky prevailed. They built a huge fire on the prairie, and began to dance round it with shouts and cries, gradually working themselves into a state of wild excitement. The whisky flowed freely and crept into their veins, setting their blood on fire ; they danced and whooped and lashed themselves into a frenzy, with frantic howls and yells, leaping and stamping like madmen, while the crowd of soldiers looked on with pale faces at the savage show.

Meanwhile the whole Western army was moving towards Springfield, and an engagement with the enemy seemed imminent. But daily rumors and reports from Washington were filling all the officers with uneasiness, and suddenly, while the Eastern newspapers were still full of the spirited fight at Springfield, news came from the West that General Frémont had been superseded, and his brave body guard mustered out of the service. Newhall's

account of this is simple and straightforward; he mentions the fact and makes no comment.

"November 5th. General Frémont removed! With downcast looks and gloomy feelings we commenced our homeward march, but our spirits were gradually raised by the cheerful music and smiling countenances of the loyalists."

"St. Louis, November 8th. We arrived here to-night with the General. All well. The people turned out by thousands, and welcomed us in a torch-light procession. Cheer after cheer was given for the 'General,' the 'Body Guard,' 'Major Zagonyi,' &c."

Mrs. Frémont's account of this reception is most striking, and we again take the liberty of borrowing from her book, "The Story of the Guard."

"Patient crowds had kept their watch through the long day, and by night it was a sea of heads in all the open space, around our house. The door-posts were garlanded, and the very steps covered with flowers,—touching and graceful offerings from the Germans. China-asters, and dahlias, with late roses and regular bosquets of geraniums, beautified the entrance and perfumed the air; and when the General did make his way at last through the magnificent assemblage, it was to be met by the wives and children of the German officers he had left at Springfield. Unknown to me, they had come to speak their hearts to him, but they had more tears than words. Touched to the heart

already, the General was not prepared for the arrival of citizens—American as well as German—who came to thank him for past services, and ask to stand by him in the hour of disgrace. Meantime the unceasing cheers and shouts of the vast crowd without sounded like the tide after a high wind. I could not stand it. I went far up to the top of the house, and, in the cold night air, tried to still the contending emotions, when I saw a sight that added to the throbbing of my heart. Far down the wide avenue the serried crowd was parting, its dark, restless masses glowing in the lurid, wavering torchlight, looking literally like waves; and, passing through them, came horsemen, stamped with the splendid signet of battle, their wounded horses and bullet-torn uniforms, bringing cries of love and thanks from those for whom they had been battling. When they halted before the door, and the sudden ring and flash of their drawn sabres added new beauty to the picture, I think only the heart of a Haman could have failed to respond to the truth and beauty of the whole scene. . . . . Before getting the General's request for a flag for them, I had already had one made, and they came in the morning to receive it. By day their war-worn appearance was still more touching. As I looked, how I wished 'that I might utter the thoughts that arose in me,' but I could only ask Major Zagonyi to say

for me how I felt the honor they had brought on our name, and that they would find I did not forget them."

A few days afterwards, the body guard were again drawn up in front of General Frémont's quarters, and as usual a crowd had collected about them. Newhall was standing at the head of his company, when an old man, whom he thought he recognized as the father of one of his men, stopped before him and called out, "Three cheers for Walter Newhall!" Walter's modesty was, as we have said, one of his strongest characteristics, but he was usually calm and self-possessed. This unexpected tribute, however, came upon him so suddenly that he was lost in confusion, and as the hearty cheers rang through the air he could not raise his eyes from the ground, which, as he afterwards said, he was silently invoking to open and swallow him. He had a horror of noise and notoriety, and on learning that his letter from the battle-field had found its way into the newspapers, he wrote home remonstrating with his family for allowing it to be published, and entreating that nothing of the sort might ever occur again.

When the orders relieving General Frémont were received, Major Zagonyi, with his impulsive temper and his enthusiastic admiration for his chief, had but one idea, that the officers of the body guard should resign, as a tribute of respect.

Most of them caught his spirit, and wrote their resignations. When he mentioned the subject to Newhall, the young man replied firmly, "No, I took up arms in the service of my country, and I will not lay them down for any personal feeling. The war is not ended, and I must seek employment elsewhere." His friend and true brother in arms, Charles Treichel, (another of the Chestnut Hill company,) gave the same answer, and the Major carried their replies and the resignation of the rest to the General. The latter had known nothing of their intention, and would not hear of it for an instant. "Lieutenants Newhall and Treichel are perfectly right," he said. "Throw those resignations in the fire."

After all their hard work and brave deeds, this noble body of men were mustered out of the service, "for words spoken at Springfield," as if they had brought disgrace upon it. The first officer sent to disband them was General Sweeney, a one-armed veteran of the Mexican war. On seeing them parade in their tattered uniforms, he was so much moved that he dashed the tears from his eye with his empty sleeve, and said, "he would be d—d if he mustered such troops out of the service." General Sturgis, to whom the ungrateful task was next assigned, saw them drawn up for inspection, and was equally struck with their gallant appearance. He said that if the Government

wanted to lose such troops, it must send some one else to muster them out. But the fiat had gone forth and must be obeyed. It is worthy of note that not a twelvemonth later, when the General by whose order this was done, in the hour of his greatest need, on the night before the battle of Malvern Hill, called for volunteers for service of extreme peril, the two who were found to help him in his straits were officers of this very guard.

Newhall, of course, thought the fate of the body guard very hard, but only said again they had done their best, and that he would not part with his share of the glory, for the world. He was then commissioned as captain of a new cavalry regiment to be raised in the West; but seeing no prospect of success in recruiting, and chafing under the delay of forming a new regiment, he soon took leave of the brave comrades with whom he had made this short and brilliant campaign, and returned to his home. He at once applied himself to obtaining a position in the Army of the Potomac, in which he finally succeeded, early in January, 1862. He then received a commission as first lieutenant in the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PENINSULA.

"Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping, nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound."

"When lost was the eighth battle,
Nor heart nor hope had they."

"WASHINGTON, January 13th, 1862. This is a first-class regiment, under command of Colonel Averell, an able and energetic commander, and I would rather take a first lieutenancy under him, than a captaincy under a man whom the Government would not trust in any important duty. I hope you will not consider it any disgrace to take a step backwards, under the circumstances, as it would, I am sure, be more gratifying to be promoted to fill a vacancy, than be forced into position."

That first winter was very trying in every way to the troops about Washington. There was all the hardship of military life without any of its excitement. The roads were at best mere bogs and often dangerous quagmires, and drilling was nearly impossible, especially for cavalry. There was the miserable monotony of the camp, with its disa-

greeable duties, unenlivened by that which makes it tolerable during a campaign, the state of the roads depriving the officers even of the pleasure of riding; and as a relief from this there was Washington close at hand, with all the temptations of mixed but very amusing society, and dissipation of every sort. It was but a step from the muddy, dreary encampment, where men grew tired of seeing the same faces, to the hotel parlors, warm and bright, crowded with gay, idle people, seeking diversion, the women dazzled and delighted by the uniforms, and some of them never content unless surrounded by a full staff of officers. Of course the young men found this drawing-room duty pleasanter than picket, and after they had been flattered to the top of their bent for a whole evening, the way out of the hotel led them through the bar-room, and thence it was not far to worse resorts. Many resisted bravely and made use of their inaction to familiarize themselves with the detail of the drill and manual, and to study tactics. It is almost needless to say that Newhall was one of this class. His camp was on the further side of the Potomac, nearly three miles from the Chain Bridge, where he had not even the chance of seeing his elder brother, (another member of the Chestnut Hill company,) who was encamped with his regiment, the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry, otherwise known as the Lancers, on Meridian Hill, two miles from Wash-

ington, in an opposite direction. He stuck to his camp, and did much to keep up the tone of his mess by his own devotion to duty, and everlasting fun. "To be jolly under creditable circumstances," seemed to be his motto, and he managed to send home frequent letters, full of laughable descriptions of camp-life and illustrated with spirited caricatures; for he had a clever pencil as well as a keen eye for the ridiculous.

And so the weary months wore on, until the night of the 9th of March, when the order to advance was given. All through the dark hours between midnight and dawn, the city was alive with mounted orderlies, dashing about at full speed, carriages driving rapidly to and from the houses of the different generals, officers rushing wildly in every direction, some to their camps to hasten the preparations, others home to take leave of their families, many of whom were passing the winter in Washington. From early dawn the sound of bugle-calls, the continuous tread of men, the tramp and splash of horses, the rumble of wheels, were heard incessantly passing along the streets, and all day long an endless procession of artillery, cavalry, infantry, ambulances, and white-covered baggage-wagons, each with its six mules, were passing through the city from every quarter, and converging towards the Long Bridge. A general movement and agitation pervaded the place. On the

sidewalks were groups of ladies, whose pale faces quivered with excitement, watching the regiments go by ; not one but had a father, brother, husband, or lover in them, and many friends. The orderlies were still galloping furiously up and down, and there were a number of men in uniform about General McClellan's headquarters. A crowd gradually gathered there to see the General and his brilliant staff ride off. But after some hours it became known that he had ridden quietly away from his own house, with a couple of orderlies, and was already on the further side of the Potomac. Towards evening, the commotion subsided. A few companies of infantry were still marching towards Georgetown, but the cannon and horsemen had disappeared, the people had gone back to their houses, and the camps, which had been whitening the hills about Washington all winter, had vanished like snow. Colonel Averell's regiment, the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, had been in the very advance. Newhall writes:

" Camp Marcy, March 10th, 3 A. M. We commence a grand advance this morning. The whole army moves forward. The Third Pennsylvania Cavalry has the post of honor. We scouted yesterday in the neighborhood of Fairfax Court-house, without seeing any Secesh. The impression is that the enemy have fallen back. After an hour's sleep I was called to the Colonel's tent, and told to be

ready for a forward move by 3 o'clock A. M. Of course we were all on hand, and my company being of the first squadron, we furnished the advance guard. Arrived first at Fairfax, then at Centreville, at which latter place, although to all appearance strongly fortified and occupied by troops, my first sergeant and two privates were all over the fortifications and the town before the rest of the army came up. They had logs in the portholes and sticks stuck into the ground, which at a distance, assisted by our imaginations, looked like guns and men. At Centreville our men fell asleep, and when we started for Manassas in the afternoon, were a little behindhand, and were obliged to get in the rear of the leading squadron, so that we were the second company into Manassas Junction; but my second lieutenant and myself thought we would like to have something to talk about, so we went ahead, and were among the first to enter the famous place. It was quite dark, however, and we couldn't see much, and fortunately it was obscure enough to prevent the Colonel from seeing us. I passed a very comfortable night in a Secesh tent. We don't feel quite so stupid as one does after a hearty meal at Willard's. We breakfasted this morning on pork and crackers, and for a change will dine on same, if it holds out. We are having first-rate times, and everybody says, 'Secesh is played out.'"

"Fairfax, March 12th. We returned from Centreville this morning. Don't think we shall return to Manassas, as there's nobody there. Our company furnished the advance guard, capturing five Secesh, three wagons marked C. S. A., and eight horses."

"Camp Marcy, March 15th. We returned to our old camp last night. We marched so slow and halted so often, one of our prisoners said we must be a part of the *standing* army. Some man very kindly gave me four crackers. If I find out who he is I will certainly recommend him for promotion, for he saved me from starving. We are under marching orders, probably for Alexandria, to embark for the South."

"March 22d. Marched to Alexandria."

"March 30th. Embarked on the 24th for Fortress Monroe. Landed at Hampton."

"April 6th. In front of Yorktown. We reached our present position this morning. Immediately the artillery opened on the enemy's fortifications, and we have been surrounded by a line of fire all day.

"The hard fighting is being done on our left. At 2 o'clock the enemy charged on one of our batteries, but couldn't stand the impetuous counter by the 62d Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Black. It's no use; they may as well fall back at once. This army can't be beaten. We are gradually

drawing the line around them, and if they are not off soon, it will be too late. Nobody hurt in our regiment, though shells have been bursting about us all day. Our horses stand fire first-rate."

"April 10th. We moved back half a mile last night, to get out of reach of shells, &c. No general engagement since Saturday. Hope it will commence soon, or we shall have a very bad case of evacuation after all. It has been raining for four days. Horses suffering for forage."

"April 13th. We still keep our distance, though it's all right. Lowe's balloon playfully ran off with General —— two days since. He cried lustily for help, as he passed our camp at the rate of six miles an hour. He fortunately came down in a Federal camp, badly scared, and a little lame."

"April 20th. We still keep up our masterly inactivity, drilling twice a day in a broiling sun, and those nearest the enemy dodging the shells."

"April 22d. I placed our pickets yesterday within three hundred yards of the enemy's works, but owing to rain and fog I couldn't see much."

"April 26th. Still before Yorktown. Colonel Averell has promised me that I shall act as aid to General Porter when the bombardment begins."

"May 4th. The rebels 'last ditch' isn't at Yorktown. They evacuated last night. We are ordered to be ready to march at a moment's notice. Colonel Averell is in good spirits, as his regiment

has the cavalry advance. I have been out of sorts for a few days, our Doctor trying to make a sick man of me. But it's no go. I moved on with the regiment, much to the Doctor's disappointment, for he expected to have me for a fever patient, and insisted I was very light-headed. All went on smoothly after leaving Yorktown until the McClellan Dragoons got into a snarl with some of Stuart's Cavalry, with good intent enough, but rather indifferent success. Our squadron was ordered by Colonel Averell to dismount to fight. A battery of artillery was ordered to the front; a few shots sent the rebel cavalry flying. As we came out of the woods the rebels were trying to form in the open space, but the guns were brought up, and we soon had Stuart's men running like mad. I was on duty until 12 o'clock that night; a pretty good day's work for a sick man."

"May 6th. Up and in motion at five the next morning, marching with the advance artillery and infantry. Presently the artillery is ordered to the front, and we commence the famous battle of Williamsburg. It soon became hot work for the artillery, and the infantry were ordered up at double-quick. The rebels are too many for us. The firing is constant all day. We almost give way, when Kearney's brigade comes howling up the road, and the day is ours, after the hardest kind of fighting."

His own regiment was not actively engaged, and his Colonel allowed him to act as aid to General Heintzelman.

"I found the General in the midst of the fight, keeping up the spirits of the men. His Adjutant-General was everywhere at once, doing the same thing. His aids were all away on various urgent duties. My arrival was looked upon as quite an event. I was immediately despatched to General ——, on the extreme left, with orders for him to attack at once with all his force. You may imagine how I put things through on such an occasion. I cut through hospitals and woods, and yet it seemed as if I never would get there. I most certainly thought the attack should be made right off, and I acted accordingly. At last I found the General sitting on his horse half asleep. I repeated General Heintzelman's orders. 'Will you be good enough to ride a short distance with me,' he said, and then tried to explain to me that the brigade had just reported to him, that the men and roads were new to him, &c., which only disgusted me. I repeated to him General Heintzelman's positive orders, told him a prompt execution of them would certainly turn this flank, and added, 'These men are American soldiers, and will go wherever they are properly led. I will report to General Heintzelman that you are moving rapidly,' and I left him. Would you believe he never made an attack! and

if Kearney hadn't come up just as he did, we should have lost the fight. As it was, we occupied the field. At night, I was left in charge of a road in the neighborhood, and could hear the groans of the wounded. Of course, I passed a sleepless night, in a pouring rain. In the morning early, we were relieved, and heard the good news that the rebels had left. We started on after our regiment without breakfast, caught up at the rebel works, and proceeded immediately to Williamsburg, where I was made officer of the guard, and not relieved until 6 P. M., when I got something to eat, took to sleep most vigorously, and woke up this morning as bright and fresh as a lark. All these little demands on my strength seem to benefit me, as I never felt better in my life."

"May 12th. The army is moving along slowly. The advance is within sixteen miles of Richmond."

"May 17th. We shall not move for a few days. Roads in a fearful condition."

"Baltimore Stores, May 22d. Our advance is within six miles of Richmond. We were scouting a day or two ago; one of our orderlies missed us, and mistaking the road, got within sight of Richmond. He wasn't long in making a straight line back."

"Near New Bridge, May 26th. Colonel Averell keeps his regiment at work. Two of our squadrons left camp this morning at 6 o'clock, arrived

at the outposts about 9, advanced up the Nine-mile Road, drove in the enemy's pickets, killing one. The rebels were in full force. They paraded about five hundred infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and a section of artillery, with which they opened on us at about a thousand yards. While they were getting the guns into position we took a sketch of the surrounding country, saw a part of Richmond, and having posted our pickets advantageously, withdrew at the critical moment. They threw ten shells right into us, doing no harm. They are very innocent little things, as far as I know. At the moment, an order came up from General McClellan, not to provoke a general engagement. Three regiments of infantry came up to hold the ground we had gained. I had the honor of being in command of the advance guard, and it was one of my men who despatched the rebel. Our special correspondent will no doubt make a great thing of it, as I saw him collecting items from some of the command."

"May 30th. Three or four squadrons just going on a scout."

"Camp near New Bridge, June 1st. Very heavy fighting on our left flank yesterday." (Fair Oaks.) "Report gives us a decided advantage. At the opening of the action our forces were driven back two miles, but being reinforced, the boys did their work handsomely, and now occupy the battle-field.

The fight recommenced at 7 o'clock this A. M., and as we are within earshot of the rattle of the musketry, it is very exciting. No artillery has been used this morning. Colonel Averell says that General McClellan thinks if the battle had commenced two hours earlier yesterday, we should have marched into Richmond to-day, without opposition. 9 A. M. Heavy firing on our left still continues. We all wonder why they don't trot out the artillery."

"Savage's Station, June. General McCall's Reserves came up to-day, but knowing ones say, 'No fighting for two weeks, unless pushed by the rebels.'"

"June 6th. No firing on either side to-day."

"Camp Forage Station, June 9th. We have all sorts of rumors about the evacuation of Richmond, &c. General McClellan is now fighting for the hill which overlooks Richmond. If he can once get a footing, the business will be soon settled. Any quantity of siege guns have already gone up the road."

"Savage's Station, June 19th. We have just returned to camp, after a four days' scout in Dixie proper. We left here on Monday morning, at 5 A. M., and arrived at Whitehouse about 2 P. M. Encamped to feed horses, &c. We crossed the river at dark, and stood to horse for three hours on the other side. Resumed the march at 5 o'clock next morning. About fifteen miles out, the ad-

vance guard chased and caught a rank Secesh. We confiscated his mare, and sent him to the rear, a prisoner. Our advance charged into the small town of Aylett's, on the Matapony, capturing about a dozen prisoners, burned the bridge and a schooner or two, seized a couple of wagons on the road to Richmond, and returned without meeting the expected rebels. Same night we encamped opposite Whitehouse, having marched about fifty miles since sunrise. We recrossed the river yesterday morning, remained all day at Whitehouse, resting the animals, and returned this morning to camp, all well. Lieutenant Rogers, of our regiment, had his horse shot on picket, on Tuesday. Three balls hit the horse, killing him instantly."

"June 22d. Yesterday, our company scouted the roads leading to Richmond, and met the rebels everywhere. We didn't push the fighting, but tried to draw them out by rushing towards their position, and then retreating, apparently in great confusion; but we failed to excite their tempers."

In reading this narrative, taken from Newhall's letters and note-book, written on the spot, it is curious to observe how much in the dark the inferior officers are, regarding not only projected movements, but those which are actually being executed. Here we can see how the army was not aware of the object of its own manœuvres, and that one portion had no idea what other portions were

about, who were hotly engaged at the very moment. It must be a strange sensation, for men not brought up in the army, to hold themselves in readiness from one hour to the next, not knowing whether they are to march or not, nor whither they are going when actually on the march, though it may be a question of life and death to each one. With regular soldiers, of course this is mere habit; with volunteers like ours, men not accustomed to be under authority, and to follow blindly and mechanically, but used to think and act for themselves, and know the reason for every step they take, such obedience is deliberate volition, and the discipline of our troops is surely a great proof of their manliness.

"Savage's Station, Camp Lincoln, June 25th. We have heard firing in front this morning; but as the enemy can't get this way, and we're not ready to go that way, I don't believe it will amount to much. Lieutenant Rogers, just arrived from the advance, reports heavy firing, and the probability of a big row. At any rate, we don't come into the engagement, there being no place for cavalry evolutions."

"June 27th. Took the following order to General Woodbury, to hasten building the bridge across White Oak Swamp:

"'HEADQUARTERS, 8 P.M., June 27th, 1862.

"'To GENERAL HEINTZELMAN:

"'The General commanding directs you to send an officer at once to White Oak Swamp, with instructions to say to General Woodbury, who was sent there this afternoon, that the General orders the bridges he is to construct across the swamp to be pushed to-night with all possible rapidity. Let the officer you send bring back General Woodbury's reply. No time is to be lost.

"'S. WILLIAMS, A. A. G.'"

Newhall had the bump of locality, as the phrenologists call it, remarkably developed. In riding over a country, he seized its prominent features as if by intuition; he comprehended the "lay of the land," and never lost his bearings. He could not only find his way back over a road which he had once travelled, but he could find his way back by half a dozen roads to the point from which he had started. He was a natural topographer, and in the course of his scout and picket duty gained a knowledge of the situation of every hill and stream, the extent of the woods, the depth of the waters, and the direction of all the roads within the field of operations. This faculty, or rather instinct, was well known to his superior officers, and stood him in good stead constantly on the Peninsula, especially during the terrible week which was be-

ginning. On carrying the above order to General Woodbury, the latter began to give directions for sounding the swamp, in order to sink the piles. Time pressed; the enemy was advancing, the danger was imminent; every moment was precious. Newhall interposed, and gave the depth at various distances, which he knew from occasionally crossing it. He was so positive and minute in his details on these points that the General ordered the work to proceed without further inquiry. Newhall arrived at General Woodbury's at 10 o'clock P.M. The bridge was finished at sunrise. Then followed the seven days' fight, through which we need not follow our army in its disastrous retreat, until, broken, shattered, but undaunted, they found themselves once more in safety on the banks of the James River, presenting an impregnable front to the enemy. Newhall writes from Harrison's Landing, July 3d:

"We arrived here last night, all right, having acted through the day as rear-guard of the army. For the last five days we have lived on excitement and a few crackers. . . . . At 2 A.M. on Saturday the army was in motion, and the wagons had mostly crossed by afternoon. Our regiment crossed at daylight. At about 11 A.M. I was sent to General Heintzelman to pilot him across the swamp, which was done about dark. . . . . .

The enemy effected a crossing at Woodbury's bridge early on Sunday morning, and a strong force came down Charles City Road, and a general engagement throughout the day was the consequence. Our regiment was ordered to General Fitz-John Porter, and we were obliged to pass along the Newmarket Road under a strong fire of artillery, which was mostly too high to do us any hurt. At 7 o'clock, a regiment of rebel cavalry came charging down Newmarket Road after our pickets, but a section of artillery opened on them, throwing them into the greatest confusion, during which two of our companies dashed at them splendidly, killing and wounding several, and taking about sixty prisoners, with a loss of only one killed and two wounded. When we arrived on James River (Fitz-John Porter's left), the rebels had just commenced an attack on the General, who replied handsomely, silencing their batteries in less than two hours. In the meantime, our regiment was supporting batteries, driving up stragglers, and keeping the roads open."

Newhall was constantly engaged during the whole week. On this night, the eve of the battle of Malvern Hill, he performed an act of signal daring, which well deserves to be recorded. Franklin and Heintzelman were left at different points to protect the retreat, and by evening, when the rest of the army had reached the James River,

nothing had been heard from them. General McClellan asked for volunteers to carry despatches to the missing Generals, as the service was one of extreme danger, the communication probably being cut off. Colonel Averell said he knew two officers in his regiment who would undertake it, and the mission was eagerly accepted by Lieutenants Newhall and Treichel. Newhall was to report to General Franklin, and at once took the road to the White Oak Swamp bridge, attended by two orderlies. It is impossible for one who has not been in the field to fancy the danger and difficulty of the enterprise. The fatigue of the previous week had been excessive; he had travelled the road but once, fighting and falling back with the rest of the forces, which must have left him little leisure to note the landmarks; and, moreover, the aspect of things had entirely changed within a few hours. It was after nightfall, the road was blocked with troops, artillery, and wagons; the nearer camp-fires blinded the messenger with their glare, the distant ones flickered like *ignes fatui*, bewildering him by their number. When beyond our lines, the chances of meeting the enemy in force were a thousand to one, and those of falling in with scouts, or pickets, or detached parties, still greater. On reaching the bridge at White Oak Swamp he found that General Franklin was already on the retreat up the Nine-mile Road, towards the James River, leaving everything that could

not be carried away, in flames. Newhall galloped on, leaving the blaze of the burning stores behind, through the darkness beyond. He overtook the General about six miles from the bridge, delivered his message, received the reply, and immediately turned his horse's head, to go back by the way by which he had come. General Franklin assured him it would be impossible to return, that the road was already in possession of the enemy; but he resolved to attempt it, and struck across the country. He was stopped by a swamp, and knowing that no time was to be lost, he boldly made for the road again, and pressed on at full speed through the increasing darkness, losing one of his orderlies altogether, and almost leaving the other behind. He recrossed the bridge in safety, but immediately afterwards rode into an encampment, which he could not remember having seen when he passed three hours before. He reined in his horse, and asked one of the soldiers what his regiment was. The man replied, "We are Mississippi troops," in a suspicious tone, and at the same moment another thrust a flaming torch almost into Newhall's face to see "who was riding about at that time of night." But he managed to push by without raising any alarm, till stopped by a third, who challenged him as he passed. With perfect coolness, he assumed an authoritative tone, and asked if the other was

a Mississippian. "Yes," was the reply. "Then hold your position," said Newhall, and galloped on.

For nearly a mile his road lay through the camps and hospitals of the enemy, and some new obstacle arose and the risk increased every instant. At last he was suddenly brought to a halt by a sentry, who put a pistol to his head and ordered him to dismount, and not speak above a whisper. Newhall at once complied, endeavoring to pass himself off for a Mississippian, at which, to his extreme mystification, the soldier observed, "That's a good joke!" but in another moment he discovered that his captor was one of our own pickets. The man would not believe it, struck a light, and detained him for half an hour, but at last reluctantly let him go, half-minded to shoot him, out of disappointment. Newhall hurried on, and finally reached headquarters. He found General McClellan on horseback, anxiously awaiting his return. He delivered General Franklin's report, which was the first news that had been received from him, and was warmly thanked by McClellan, who assured him that his service would not be forgotten. But it was of the greatest importance that a second message should reach General Franklin, and General McClellan asked if he would attempt it again. Newhall replied that Franklin had said it would be impossible even to return the first time, but that he was willing to try. He got a fresh horse, and set off a second

time, alone: "As everybody said I'd be taken, and I thought that one was enough for that purpose. It was 3 o'clock A. M. when I got fairly on the road again, and having almost seven miles to go before reaching the fork at the bridge, I made the horse put out his best foot first, and arrived in the neighborhood just before daybreak. I rode slowly for a short distance before reaching the turning-point, to give the beast a few miles of fresh wind and legs, in case I had to run the firing. I gave him the spur in time to get up a pretty fair 'home stretch' just as we were passing the most dubious place. My horse caved in just after getting me out of harm's way, and I dismounted to rest us both. I had been here about five minutes, when the enemy commenced shelling the woods in front of the bridge, and finding the coast clear, came thundering over the bridge and up the hill with a cheer. I didn't stop to ask any questions, and followed the General, who arrived at General McClellan's headquarters just as I caught him."

General Franklin, acting on the first order, had anticipated the second. After all the fatigue, anxiety, want of food and loss of sleep, of the preceding week, Newhall's head had been cool and clear enough for such exciting work, and he had ridden sixty-four miles, between dusk and dawn in the short summer's night, beset with perils of every sort. He made light of this feat, as of everything

he did; but it was remembered long afterwards, by those who had no personal interest in him, as one of the most gallant exploits of the campaign.

"Colonel Averell was to-day promoted to a Brigadier General, and has charge of all the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac."

"July 5th. Something is on foot, and we expect to be off in a day or two, just resting our horses now."

"July 9th. The enemy have withdrawn their pickets from the neighborhood of Charles City Road. I have been engaged for three days in making a grand map of the surrounding country, position of the gunboats, &c., to be forwarded to General McClellan."

"July 13th. Have been out all day making maps of the country, and am hard at work making them 'look pretty.'"

"July 16th. No news whatever in the military line. I see by the paper that some one at Fortress Monroe has been making a fool of himself, writing about my adventure in communicating with General Franklin."

Here his hatred of notoriety came out again. But he was not destined to hear the last of this adventure. A few days later he received a letter from a gentleman at the North, requesting a circumstantial account of his carrying the message to General Franklin, to be inserted in a work entitled,

'The Heroic Men and Actions of the War,' and begging for any incidents of the battle of Malvern Hill, and personal descriptions of the Generals, which he could give. Newhall's sense of the ludicrous was roused by the idea of figuring among the heroic men of the war, and he wrote a long narrative, in the true Munchausen vein, interspersed with caricatures of the different Generals. On second thought, however, he did not send it, but replied civilly, though briefly, that he had only done his duty, and did not consider his service of sufficient importance or interest to the public to merit a place in the proposed work.

He passed the rest of that sad summer on the James River, constantly engaged in making maps of the adjacent country, for the use of the commanding General. He had never studied topography, but his talent for drawing, combined with his power of comprehending the exact position of every stream and hill in a tract of country, made his maps of great value. He wrote many bright letters home; for, amid all his occupations and distractions, he never for a moment forgot those whose anxious thoughts were following him from afar, with the love and solicitude that cannot be written or told. He was not fond of writing, but in the midst of the most trying campaigns, in the heat of summer and cold of winter, at any hour of the busy day or weary

night, he would snatch a moment to send a few words of comfort, or some rapid sketch, to his parents and brothers.

On the 24th July, he writes: "General Averell wants to get up a cricket club in the regiments, but I will have nothing to do with it, as I am sure there will be a 'catch' in it, somewhere. It's very agreeable, for instance, to have a quiet little game, but not so amusing to play all day and then stand guard all night, or to get a good crack on the leg on one day, and to go on a forty-mile scout the next. Cricket and chemistry may work together very well, but what soldier ever, 'stopped a ball' satisfactorily?"

About the middle of August the army moved. General Averell's command was with General Fitz John Porter's division, and consequently not in the next battles, but was again acting as rear-guard, and constantly doing picket duty while in camp at Williamsburg. The insidious poison of the climate had slowly crept into Newhall's veins, during these long, hot months of hard work. He had fought through one fever, in the beginning of the campaign, and was now struggling with another. On the 29th of August, he says: "I have been under the weather lately, but owing to a great scarcity of medicine, I am rapidly recovering. Shall be here some time, and when shipped, land at Alexandria. Our squadron returned last night, after two days' picket

duty. Probably there isn't a rebel soldier within ten miles."

Two days after this cheery letter, came a telegram from Fortress Monroe, saying that he was to leave for home the next day, and begging his father to meet him in Baltimore. There was not a word about being ill, but his friends felt misgivings. His father was on the wharf when the Bay Line steamer came in, and found him on board, too weak to leave his berth. He put him into good hands in Baltimore, and went to Washington by the next train, to get a sick-leave. Fortunately there was no delay, and he returned to Baltimore the same afternoon, with the leave, and the news of his son's promotion to a captaincy.

Newhall was so ill and feeble, that no one thought he would be fit for service that winter, but a month at home restored his strength wonderfully. Early in October, hearing the report that he was to be put upon recruiting duty in Philadelphia, he insisted upon returning to camp. A younger brother, the next in age to himself, went with him, having obtained a lieutenancy in the same regiment.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST WINTER IN THE FIELD.

"The sharpened ear, the piercing eye,
The quick resolve in danger nigh;
The speed, that in the flight or chase
Outstripped the Carib's rapid race;
The steady brain, the sinewy limb,
To leap, to climb, to dive, to swim;
The iron frame, inured to bear
Each dire inclemency of air,
Nor less, confirmed to undergo
Fatigue's faint chill and famine's throe.
These arts he proved, his land to save,
In peril oft, by land or wave."

THE autumn of 1862 was one of constant alarm for Pennsylvania. September had seen the tide of war surge up to our borders, to be met and turned at Antietam, and roll back again on Maryland and Virginia. Early in October, Stuart spread consternation among the southern counties. At first, the whole Confederate army was supposed to be again advancing, but it turned out to be only a raid, though a very brilliant and successful one. The bold rider and his merry men swept through the rich valleys and quiet towns, taking what they liked, paying, when they chose, in Confederate

money—a quaint conceit!—behaved very well for moss-troopers, and cantered round our whole army and home again; leaving the fat farmers grumbling over their empty barns, and shutting their stable doors after the steeds were stolen.

Newhall joined his regiment at Hagerstown, Maryland, on October 3d, immediately took command of his company, and started with the rest in pursuit of Stuart.

"McConnellsburg, October 13th. We arrived here this morning, via Hancock and Harronsville, our object being to cut the rebels off at this point. Of course they took another road, and having escaped the other cavalry sent out after them, have recrossed the Potomac."

"Camp at Indian Springs, October 24th. We left camp on the 18th, and marched to Clear Springs on the same evening; next day our squadron moved across the canal and river at Cherry Run Station, (Baltimore and Ohio Railroad,) and having examined the neighborhood of Hedgesville, marched to Hancock, on the Virginia side. After a rest of two days, we were ordered to this place, to picket the roads in the vicinity and to guard the fords. We learn from the Union people of Virginia, that Jackson has gone to Bunker Hill, and that the coming fight will take place in that neighborhood. The rebels have about three thousand men at Hedgesville, mostly infantry; and if Jack-

son only knew how afraid our officers are of him, we should be following up another raid about once a week. What a fortunate thing that he's so modest!"

"October 26th. We are all well, wishing most heartily to be relieved, and return to camp."

"St. James's College, Md., October 28th. Back in camp again. People say, the army is crossing the Potomac, and we are on an hour's notice to march."

"Camp at Berlin, October 31st. We marched here this morning from Pleasant Valley, where we passed last night. Twenty-one to-day! Much spree on hard crackers and coffee."

"Camp near Amissville, Va., November 9th. We have been very hard at work since leaving camp at St. James's College. We have been driving Hampton and Stuart from all their chosen positions in the Gaps. Some splendid charging has been made by the 5th Regulars and 8th New York Cavalry. Nobody hurt in our regiment. Harry" (his youngest brother) "is made of the proper material for soldiering, and a person not acquainted with the facts might suppose he had been at it all his life. General Averell has gone to Warrenton sick, leaving us under General Pleasanton."

"Waterloo, November 13th. We marched here from Amissville yesterday; find no forage, and so we probably leave to-day. All well, and, having tents, are very comfortable."

"Warrenton, November 14th. We marched here from Waterloo this morning, and being in a first-rate fence-rail country, we manage to keep the weather out. Colonel McIntosh takes charge of our regiment to-day. He is a fine man and a good officer; we have no fears of being badly off under his command."

Newhall writes as cheerfully as ever, and makes light of the cold and hardships. Perhaps in the camp, men had work enough to keep their spirits up; but in the cities, this was a weary time. During the later autumn there had been no event of importance or interest, except General McClellan's being relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac. There was very severe weather, and a heavy snow-storm late in November. The troops were all on the march, with no shelter, and the way blocked up before them by the drifts. It all soon disappeared, however. The month that followed was singularly mild and lovely, and depression gradually gave way to expectation, as the season advanced, and everybody knew that General Burnside would not go into winter quarters without a battle.

"Headquarters Picket, November 23d. I have been from camp four days, guarding the fords that cross Aquia Creek, about four miles from its mouth. The creek cannot be forded, and there being no boats in the neighborhood, I merely have to watch

the river and creek, and see that they do not leave their beds some fine morning."

"Camp near Belle Plains, November 26th. We are well located on Potomac Creek and the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, about nine miles from Aquia Creek. All well. Tents and stores in good order."

"December 4th. Picketing. Some of our regiment have been caught lately. Harry has gone out for three days, to try his hand at it."

"December 6th. Please send me fifty pairs of gloves, good quality, strong and warm, for a Christmas present for Company A. Army inactive. I have been promoted to the command of a squadron, and complimented by the Colonel for the way in which it is handled, and am quite proud of it."

"December 7th. I relieve Harry on picket to-morrow."

"December 12th. In the field. We left camp yesterday at an early hour, and reached the battle-field at noon, but didn't participate. Storming not yet resumed."

"December 14th, 8 A. M. Harry was sent to Hartwood Church on picket yesterday. The artillery has just opened the ball for to-day's work. Nothing gained yesterday. Franklin reported doing well, and driving the rebels by degrees."

This was the first battle of Fredericksburg,—a

name as fatal to us as Bull Run. Newhall's regiment was not engaged, did not cross the Rappahannock, indeed, and returned to their camp at Belle Plains on the 16th of December. A few days afterwards he writes:

"We returned to camp yesterday morning, having passed one day and two nights in the woods, in search of our friends of the other persuasion, whom we heard were in the neighborhood of Kelly's Ford. Harry got a bad tumble, while charging the rebel pickets down a hill, but is all right now."

The excitement of scout and picket duty, and the various facilities for violent death which their life afforded, did not seem sufficient for these young bloods. The officers of the 3d and 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry, which were encamped a few miles apart, agreed to ride a steeple-chase in the holidays. Newhall, as usual, the hero of the occasion, gives the following description of it.

SPORT IN CAMP.

"December 26th. Fred," (his elder brother,) "T——, M——, D——, and E.," (officers of the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry), "came over, and we lunched at 1 o'clock, by way of fortifying ourselves. We were busy enough in the forenoon, putting up hurdles and digging ditches, but we didn't feel tired when Officers' Call sounded for the officers to

assemble and the track to be cleared. About forty had promised to run, but the timid ones, (all who had any sense, you will say,) began to fall out, and at the word, 'go,' only eight got away, Mc——, M——, B——. D——, W——, T——, Fred, and myself."

The course was three-quarters of a mile round, and the inside of the track marked by a series of guidons. There were four obstacles to be cleared in the race, viz.: first, a row of four bales of hay, with a bar above them, the interval being filled up with brush, &c., the whole being four feet and a half high; secondly, a ditch, five feet wide, with a bank three and a half feet high on the farther side, topped by a horizontal pole; thirdly, four bales of hay, arranged as the first, but making a leap of five feet; the last was a pile of brush, six feet across, and from four to five feet in height.

"We started in good style, B——, Mc——, M——, and W——, slightly in advance. At No. 1, Mc——'s horse jumped too soon, struck the hurdle, and away they went, heels over head, Mc—— considerably bruised. T——'s horse refused, and bolted for the camp of the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry. Fred was obliged to haul to one side, to prevent striking Mc——, and he lost quite a lot of ground by it. W—— now made the running, followed closely by M——, B——, and D——. B——'s horse refused at the second leap, causing some little delay

to D——, who was right after him. As we neared the third, and by far the stiffest jump, W—— opened the gap between himself and M——, who was next, and cleared it beautifully. D—— followed M——, and my horse took it at a flying leap, which must have measured twenty-one feet. Fred now closed up and passed me at No. 4, going like the wind. W—— gradually gained, up to the third guidon, and was twenty yards ahead of M——, who was next. All this time my horse was hard held, but as we neared the third guidon, I gave the powerful fellow his head, and swept past D——, M——, and then Fred, in less time than it takes to tell it. I was fast gaining on W——, when he skipped one of the guidons, giving himself about a hundred yards. As we swung around the fourth guidon, my horse rushed for the Massachusetts camp, and I worried him considerably in regaining the track. In getting back, I was obliged to take two ditches, which he didn't mind in the least. W——'s horse was now failing, and my black keeping his original pace, soon brought us near enough to each other to make it exceedingly doubtful who would win. You can scarcely imagine the excitement as we came up the home stretch, my horse gaining at every stride. W—— passed the score about two lengths ahead, but handsomely admitted that he had not kept the track, and I was declared the winner. Fred was second, M—— third, D——

nowhere. Mc—— goes home this morning badly hurt."

"December 29th. We leave camp to-morrow morning, to be gone four days on a scout or picket duty."

"January 2d, 1863. We have just halted in the woods for the night, and the General has sent for some forage and 'McClellan pies,' preparatory to going *somewhere;* and goodness knows, we hope to do *something* to bring cavalry out of the sort of disgrace into which it has fallen, owing more to *somebody* in Washington pretending to tell us at what corner of the street we shall find the enemy, than to inactivity on our part. The fact is, we are worked to death and nobody knows it, because they never let us do anything for which cavalry was intended by the author of this branch of the service. The 'Happy New Year' found us on picket on the New Ball's Road, after having charged through Warrenton in good style. Four or five hurt."

This is his only mention of the charge through Warrenton, a spirited, though bloodless affair. A band of picked men, to the number of a thousand, had been detailed to make a raid through the neighborhood of Richmond. It was commanded by General Averell, and Newhall was one of the captains. A couple of days after leaving camp they reached Warrenton, where they saw a body of

Confederates, drawn up in the main street of the town. Stuart was known to be close at hand, and our troops supposing that they were at last to test whether they or these bold rebels were the better men, immediately formed and charged, Newhall being one of the foremost of the column. The enemy immediately broke and scattered, and our soldiers dashed on at full speed up the long street, expecting at every instant to encounter a stronger force. But there were no more Southerners to be seen, and the cavalry rode back again, to report that the coast was clear. Stuart had been there with his whole command, and had withdrawn not two hours before. The party whom our men saw was only the rear-guard. The charge was none the less gallant because their opponents turned out to be "nine men in buckram," as at the onset they fancied nothing less than Stuart's entire force awaiting them. This was the whole fruit of their expedition, as at that very juncture they were recalled by an order from Washington, and forced to return to camp, chafing under the restraint and disappointment.

"January 3d. Not off yet, you see. We hear somebody is preparing a campaign for us. Splendid, isn't it?"

"January 7th. Harry is now acting on General Averell's staff. I left him in command at Hartwood Church. I have just come into camp, to ex-

amine muster-rolls and accounts. The General is here, awaiting orders. We are having splendid weather, very warm and clear for the season. The army is under twelve hours' notice; what that means nobody knows—except, perhaps, the rebels. Winter quarters is the talk, but our Western armies don't appear to take part in the conversation."

"January 18th. We haven't moved yet, owing to the fine state of the weather and roads."

"January 22d. In camp, and nearly drowned out. The army moved toward Hartwood Church day before yesterday, but is kept on this side the river by the mud and rain. Harry has gone with a hundred and fifty men of our regiment, carrying 'McClellan pies' and other eatables, to Hooker's men, as the wagons can't get along at all."

"January 26th. Cavalry leaves this morning."

"January 30th. No it didn't."

"February 2d. Leaving camp for a turn of picket duty."

"February 7th. Returned to camp. Our brigade destroyed the railroad bridge over the Rappahannock, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, three days ago; a splendid affair, the rebels very mad about it; five of our men wounded. I was on picket, and didn't participate."

"February 20th. Picket for three days."

"February 27th. Have just returned from the

river. Have been in the saddle since 4 A. M., and it is now 10½ P. M."

"March 7th. Harry and I have just come off duty from the neighborhood of Hartwood Church. Our boys had a smart skirmish there the other day, and we went out to see what the matter was. On receipt of the news at camp, we were ordered after the rebels,—followed them up to Kelly's Ford, where they crossed, and we came back to camp. On the 4th, I went off again on picket. While there I received a flag of truce from General Lee. The captain of his staff was a fine fellow, and we passed a pleasant evening in awaiting General Hooker's reply. He showed me a letter from his wife, who held her baby's hand to write a post-script."

"March 11th. From the preparations at head-quarters, it is evident that a move of the cavalry is in contemplation."

"March 13th. Colonel McIntosh has made Harry adjutant of our regiment. I have been detached for special duty, the nature of which I know nothing about as yet."

This record of Newhall's first winter in active service shows how constantly part of our cavalry was employed and exposed, although fighting no battles and gaining no fame. They did hard work and good service, and the officers were sometimes captured, and the men shot, while on scouts and

picket, or in the frequent skirmishes. But the winter was now over, and in spite of the wet spring, and roads like morasses, a general movement was on foot.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RAIDS.

"Boot, saddle, to horse and away!"

"St. George! a stirring life they lead,
That have such neighbors near."

MARCH was cold, windy, and wet, and after the mild winter, "the spring came slowly up this way." There had been nothing more serious than skirmishes along the lines of the Army of the Potomac for some months; in one of these, however, some Confederate officers had fallen, and General Fitz-Hugh Lee sent for their bodies under a flag of truce. A story went the rounds of the newspapers, that the Southern officers who brought the flag, in returning, left a letter with the pickets from Lee to Averell, who had been his classmate at West Point, containing a friendly challenge, to come over the river and ride a race with him. Whether this be true or not, General Averell and his brigade made a sudden raid in the direction of Culpeper, crossed

the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, in the face of the enemy's fire, had a hard fight for several hours with the rebels under Generals Stuart and Fitz-Hugh Lee, beat, drove, and scattered them thoroughly, and returned to the northern bank of the river, triumphant. This was the first real cavalry fight of the war, and our complete success was a great satisfaction to all, and a great surprise to many. Ever since the beginning of the war, the superiority of the Southern horse had been arrogantly claimed by themselves, and unwillingly admitted by some of us, ours never being allowed a fair chance of distinction. There had been little use for them among the woods and swamps of the Peninsula, and yet they had done themselves credit at Hanover Court-house, (not to go back to Springfield,) while the destruction of the Oglethorpe Light Horse proved at least, that the "chivalry" were not invulnerable. However, their reputation was maintained by their own boasts, another proof of a truth which has been enunciated in many forms, that any fiction can command credence for a time, if asserted often and stoutly enough. Now, at last, the two met in fair field, and the false halo which had surrounded the names of Fitz-Hugh Lee and Stuart, vanished at once and forever. The Southerners had for some time given up their once favorite taunt of Northern cowardice, or it would have been thrown in their teeth again that day by the dash of the

whole brigade, and countless acts of individual daring. Many men who were wounded continued in the fight until it was over. A Major of the First Rhode Island Cavalry was struck in the neck by a ball at the outset, but stanched the wound with his handkerchief, and remained at the head of his command until the end.

The news of this engagement took the North probably as much by surprise as it did the South. The first intimation that many had of the fight, were telegrams announcing the wounds, death, capture or safety of a son or brother. It was thus that the tidings came to Newhall's family: "Charley Treichel slightly wounded; Harry and I, all right." The next day the newspapers were full of the action, and Newhall was particularly mentioned among those who had distinguished themselves. A letter soon came from him, giving a full account of the battle.

"Potomac Run, March 18th. I reported for special duty as directed, and was ordered to take fifty picked men, and proceed to the house of Mr. ——, ten miles beyond our pickets, understood to be a rendezvous for spies, bushwhackers, &c., and be there at 10 P. M. on Sunday. The night was fearfully dark, but I arrived at the house at 9½ P. M., and surrounded it; the family had gone to bed; found no suspicious parties, and re-

turned to camp safely at 4 A. M. on Monday. At 8 o'clock we started on our little raid. Our passage at the ford was disputed. There were several men killed and one wounded, while forcing it. Major Chamberlain, chief of General Averell's staff, was shot twice in the face before a crossing was effected, when he sent back word to General Averell that he had carried out his instructions to the very letter. He was picked up more dead than alive, and carried to camp. His wounds are very bad, but he still lives. The crossing was admirably managed. We didn't become generally engaged until the whole force was on the other side of the river. We were massed just above the ford, when the skirmishers commenced popping away at the advancing enemy. We were rapidly deployed into line, and the whole force ordered to advance, which we did in fine style. About midway in a narrow strip of woods, the rebels became belligerent and drove in our skirmishers rapidly on the reserves, following up with a charge. The guns were unlimbered in an instant, and the first volley changed the aspect of affairs, and gave us a chance to push beyond the woods, where we formed in column of echelon, ready for the charge. The ground was everything that could be wished. On the other side of a wide plain the rebels were drawn up. The artillery opened upon them, when a large body advanced at a sharp

trot, evidently about to charge the guns. The movement was anticipated, and the First Rhode Island, and Fourth Pennsylvania, were ordered against them. It was a magnificent spectacle. So it struck the rebels, who halted a moment to look, before the shock should mix things. To their minds the lessening distance didn't appear to suggest any change for the better, so they unanimously adopted the wise but ignominious resolution to clear out! This party was headed by the immortal Stuart and Fitz-Hugh Lee; but in spite of this, away they went, closely followed, for almost half a mile, by the men under Colonel Duffie, a portion of whose command pierced the rebel line, but being unsupported, the brave fellows were lost. The Secesh tried twice more in this neighborhood, but with worse success than at first, becoming more easily and worse demoralized each time. Again their whole line was ordered forward, and again they tried for the guns, but we had it all our own way with them. At last they charged down in three columns. We held our carbine-fire till we could almost see the whites of their eyes, and away they went and we after them. This rout was well covered by their artillery, however, which now opened upon us vigorously. My squadron, which became the head of the column, marching across their fire, seemed suddenly to become an object of great ill feeling: scarcely a man but had dirt thrown over him. Some

were wonderfully fortunate in their escape. Several horses were shot, but not a man hurt. About this time Major White's horse was killed, also Charley Treichel's. Charley had his leg a little in the way, but very fortunately escaped with only a flesh wound. Our ammunition being nearly spent, we recrossed the river and passed the night at Morrisville. We lost six officers killed and wounded, and twenty-three men; thirty more were captured. Rebel loss still greater. Harry acted as adjutant of our regiment during the engagement, which lasted from sunrise till about dark, and though I say it, &c., Harry did his whole duty handsomely. We are both well and in good spirits, and more than ever sure that in a fair field the rebel cavalry can't stand ours."

At the same time General Averell wrote to a friend in Philadelphia: "The old Third Pennsylvania behaved like the best of regulars, and your boys," (Treichel and the Newhalls,) "distinguished themselves. I thought they would get hurt several times, but am thankful they escaped with a few bruises."

A day or two afterwards Newhall came home, with his friend Captain Treichel, but returned to camp at the end of a week, to work off his riotous living, as he said. On his arrival, he writes, "Colonel —— came down to Washington in the cars with me, and I was surprised to hear him

speak so highly of our little affair over the river. He said: 'If the object of the reconnoissance was merely to prove the superiority of our officers and men, it was eminently successful, and he was glad that everybody saw it in the light of a splendid cavalry fight, resulting so entirely in our favor.' As nearly as I can remember, these are his exact words. An anticipated attack on our pickets, to-day, did not take place. We were all saddled up when I arrived, and as I came up the hill, the satisfaction of being just in time was very great."

"April 6th. The grand review came off to-day. Everybody and everybody's staff participated."

"April 11th. We recovered from a slight attack of picket duty yesterday. We move again day after to-morrow, at 5½ A. M."

"Bealeton, Orange and Alexandria Railroad, April 18th. We withdrew from the banks of the river this morning to the music of the enemy's guns, if you can call it so.

> 'Music, says Halleck, is everywhere;
> Harmony guides the whole creation;
> But when a bullet sings in the air,
> So close to your head that it touches your hair,
> To enjoy it requires a taste quite rare,
> With a certain amount of cultivation.'

And what is true of a bullet is equally so with shell or solid shot, perhaps a little more so. The old story, however, holds good: 'Nobody hurt.'

The rain has at least postponed the crossing of the river, but if we ever get hold of Stuart, Treason on horseback will be severely dealt with. The inclosed offer from General Rosecrans's Acting Adjutant-General is very flattering, but I cannot accept it. The Third Pennsylvania is good enough. The 'opportunities for distinction' will have to be turned over to some one more ambitious."

This offer was a majority in a Western cavalry regiment, but his *esprit de corps* made him prefer to wait for promotion in his own.

"Fred may have written to you what I have been about lately, and what was expected of me. If so, you have the secret satisfaction of knowing that I was very highly complimented by General Averell, and you will be good enough to keep the matter among yourselves, that the feelings of the ——th may not be hurt, or their reputation injured. Please be very careful on this point."

The cavalry was now in constant motion, as General Stoneman was watching his opportunity to cross the river, which, in common with all the streams in this part of the country, was prodigiously swollen by the spring rains. Several attempts were made, but the time had not yet come. Newhall was acting on General Averell's staff, and was chosen to lead a dismounted party across the Rappahannock, at Beverly Ford, to carry the enemy's rifle-pits upon the opposite side. He

looked forward to this with great enthusiasm, and having carefully studied the position, made all his plans for the attack; but the scheme was abandoned, and the river crossed at another point. Shortly afterwards he was put in command of the ——th, a new regiment, whose colonel was thought not quite equal to such an occasion yet. Newhall led them all through the brisk work that followed, and the example of such daring and discipline as his, must have had a lasting effect on raw troops. One night they had bivouacked in an open space on the bank of a small stream, an officer having been sent to picket the opposite side, where there were heavy woods. The pickets were not properly posted, and in the middle of the night a party of the enemy's infantry fired upon our men from across the stream. It was a complete surprise, and the ——th, wearied out with a succession of forced marches, and startled from their sleep to find themselves under fire, were seized with a panic. The terrified horses broke loose and galloped madly to and fro, the saddles and arms were lost, and the whole regiment was in the direst confusion, the men running from the bullets, which were rained upon them by the invisible enemy. The Third Pennsylvania, however, on the first alarm, seized their carbines, and rallied round their officers, and in a short time were at the water's edge returning the fire. Newhall had started up at the first volley, and seeing the men

of his command flying, posted himself directly in their path, shouting, "Take your arms and follow the Third!" and felling every man that attempted to pass. The others, suddenly brought to a stand, seeing this threatening figure in their way, and their comrades on the ground at his feet, rallied for a moment, and hearing the simple order, "Follow the Third!" again shouted in a commanding and cheerful voice, began to pluck up their spirits, fell into order, followed the Third to the bank, and aided them in driving the rebels away. A number of the latter were killed, while, strangely enough, not one of ours was fatally hurt. This is the circumstance to which Newhall refers in the preceding letter. He mentions none of these particulars, but they became known some time afterwards through General Averell, who was on the spot, and told the story in Washington, as an illustration of his young aid's coolness, and "two o'clock in the morning courage."

All this time, General Stoneman's raid, the most successful and brilliant that has been made on either side, was in full progress. Buford, Averell, Gregg, and Kilpatrick, were streaming like meteors across the enemy's country, in various directions, destroying bridges and railroads, burning the Confederate commissary stores, capturing the Richmond Home-guard, (including the mayor and corporation,) who had innocently come out to

see if anything was the matter, and entirely cutting off all communication between General Lee's army and his base. Meanwhile Fredericksburg was stormed for the second time, and taken. But alas! in that very hour our army was beaten and driven back across the river, shot and slain by thousands in their retreat, while the news echoed like a wail through the country, and every city of the North was like Toledo after the battle of Xeres, or Edinburgh after Flodden. There was little time for writing during these breathless days, but Newhall managed to send a couple of notes home while on the raid. In one of these he says, "We tried to burn the bridge near Rapid Ann Station, on the Alexandria and Orange Railroad. The rebels were kind enough to do it for us, after fighting all day. To horse!"

The cavalry returned to their old quarters, to learn the disaster of Chancellorville, and the loss of Fredericksburg. The whole object of the raid had been to secure the fruits of victory, and this defeat made it all sheer waste of time and vital force. Newhall utters no complaint, makes no moan over the total failure of their best endeavor. There is not a single comment in one of his letters on the calamity, although those who knew him know what his emotions must have been, and those who have read his story thus far, may guess. But he never wrote or spoke of his sentiments and feel-

L. OF C.

ings. The entire absence of allusion to himself in the whole course of his correspondence, is a remarkable illustration of his extreme reticence.

"Camp near Potomac Creek, May 7th. Here we are, back in our old camping ground, all well. Arrived last night. We have good news this afternoon. General Stoneman has cut the railroad and telegraph communication between Richmond and the rebels, and the army is ordered to be ready to move at a moment's notice."

"May 9th. Fred has arrived at headquarters with despatches from General Stoneman."

"May 14th. We all feel blue about Stoneman's treatment and Averell being relieved, but hope it will turn out right in the end."

"May 22d. We had a little cricket in camp yesterday. Of course, I worked too hard, and am sick after it, but will be well to-morrow, and 'take it more soberly next time."

"May 24th. We change camp to Warrenton, to-morrow. Not another raid."

"Camp Reserve Picket, near Hartwood Church, May 28th. Our being here is the result of unsuccessful strategy on the part of ——. We marched to Bealeton, reported to General Gregg, and were on the march back before daylight the next morning."

General Averell was relieved, and shortly afterwards sent to Western Virginia, to take charge of

a brigade of cavalry and a large force of infantry and artillery. On taking leave of his old command, he wrote the following letter to an influential friend:

"My dear Sir: In the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, which was recently in my command, there are several meritorious young officers, who from their superior qualifications and experience deserve promotion. Among the most prominent, for whom I have the honor to request your favorable consideration and influence, is Captain W. S. Newhall, who, from his high character, bearing, and eminent ability, his energy, gallantry, and excellent judgment, has won the respect, esteem, and confidence of all about him, superiors and subordinates. In my opinion, he is *well fitted* to command a regiment of cavalry, whether old or new; and I ask, that if you should have an opportunity to do so, you will recommend him for the appointment of colonel.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"W. W. Averell,
"B. G. Vols."

Colonel J. B. McIntosh succeeded to the command of the brigade, and shortly afterwards he also wrote to recommend Newhall for a colonelcy, speaking in equally high terms of his character and qualifications.

CHAPTER VII.

HOME INVADED.

"Up and rouse ye! time is fleeting,
And we yet have much to do.
Up and haste ye through the city,
Stir the burghers stout and true;
Gather all our scattered people,
Fling the banner out once more."

"And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar
And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star:
While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, 'The foe, they come, they come!'"

"Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day."

The second battle of Fredericksburg threw a heavy gloom over the public mind; even the most sanguine rallied slowly from such a shock. With June, the alarms of the autumn began to revive. The Southern army was in constant motion, and actions of more or less importance were taking place daily. There were some sharp fights, like Beverly Ford, Brandy Station, Aldie, and Upper-

ville; but none of these were general engagements, and a general movement was evidently on foot. Many thought that Washington was threatened, others that the attempt on Baltimore was to be renewed, while not a few had their fears for our own borders. The cavalry lived in the saddle that month, and all the fighting was done by them.

"Camp near Licking Creek, June 5th. The rebel cavalry crossed the river yesterday, at or near Sulphur Springs, driving the First Massachusetts to the neighborhood of our camp. Of course we passed the next night in search of the enemy. Returned to camp yesterday morning shortly after daylight, having seen nothing. To-day we are under marching orders for to-morrow morning."

"June 7th. We returned to camp last night at one o'clock, after a raid to Jefferson, Amissville, &c., crossing Hedgman and Hazel Rivers. The rebels were employed elsewhere, so we didn't have a general engagement; but my squadron was detached to cover the right flank of the column, and in the neighborhood of Waterloo, we managed to scare up a scouting party of about thirty men. We lost one horse killed, and captured one man, horse, &c. Nobody hurt."

"June 12th. This is the first opportunity for writing since we recrossed the Rappahannock, since the fight. (Beverly Ford.) We have been picketing the river near Sulphur Springs. Returned to

camp yesterday afternoon. Fred must give you an account of the grand cavalry battle, as his position for actual observation was the best; we of the left wing know little of the general engagement. After crossing at Kelly's Ford, we took the Stevensburg Road, and met the enemy advancing, about a mile from the river. We skirmished for an hour before we got fairly to work.

"The fight opened by the rebels, who charged the First Massachusetts Cavalry down a hollow road. They came to the conclusion that they 'had the wrong chicken by the tail feathers,' and very shortly changed base, with a loss of twenty-five killed and wounded, and a loss of sixty-four prisoners. The attempt to cut the line was twice made without success. We drove them about two miles and a half, and had just put our guns in position and opened on the enemy, when we were ordered to fall back to the support of General Gregg, who was being badly beaten. We came up just in time to save the Third Division, pushed through the rebel right, and joined the Regulars, &c., at Beverly Ford, just as our cavalry was recrossing the river. Our division passed along the line to Rappahannock Station, the rebels following very slowly. We lost only about twenty-five killed and wounded, and no missing—except the reporter; captured over sixty prisoners, saved Gregg, and are not so much as mentioned in the papers, because our correspondent

undertook to get to the rear during an important movement, an account of which he 'was anxious to furnish by the day's mail.' The Third supported the battery, and brought up the rear when retiring."

Of course, it was known by telegraph that there was hot work again on the Rappahannock, and all who had friends in the cavalry were in a fever of anxiety, while the Associated Press was vainly asking, "*Ubi est ille reporter?*" In a day or two more there were full accounts, and private letters came, with words of cheer for some and words of doom for others, but the good news for all, that the enemy was worsted, and our men had done bravely and well.

Meanwhile, the enemy's main body was advancing steadily, and terror was spreading through the Cumberland Valley. Day by day the rumor and the dismay increased; reports of every sort were rife, the most inconsistent and the most incredible. The morning's story would be that the enemy had crossed the border, by afternoon he had taken Chambersburg, by night he was in sight of Harrisburg, moving with a speed that outstripped that of rumor itself. The next morning would reassure the community that he was still in Maryland. The trouble was to know where the rebels really were, and in what force,—no such difficult thing, one would imagine, when it was a question of the whereabouts of an army of one hundred thousand men,

not eighty miles from our State capital, but nevertheless seemingly impossible. But the alarm swelled like the voice of the waves at flood-tide; each day it rose and fell, but each day the sound was louder and the dying echoes were less distant. Some believed that this was only another raid, to reap the harvests from the rich valleys and uplands of Pennsylvania, others already saw Lee and his army in possession of Philadelphia. But every twenty-four hours added numbers to the ranks of the timid, and strength to the souls of the brave. By midsummer the consternation was general, and the conviction that Lee was threatening Philadelphia was gaining converts. The effect was very different from that of any former panic; indeed, there was no panic. The banks sent their specie to New York, a few people buried their plate, a few others fled across the Delaware. But the only class with whom the terror was universal, were the poor negroes, not the contrabands alone, but the free blacks, born and brought up on Northern soil, who, on a sudden, saw slavery yawning to devour them. A large portion of the community never believed that Lee would venture so far into a hostile country; the majority cheerfully prepared to meet him. There were those, too, who were sunk in disappointment and despondency, looking beyond the mere momentary danger to the eternal fact, that, after the millions of money and hosts of men which

Pennsylvania had given to carry on the war, the flood of rebellion was for the third time threatening to overwhelm her peaceful fields, while there hardly remained young men in her towns to fight for the women and children. For the third time the bells clanged from morn till night, to call the people to arms; for the third time the militia companies, which now only included those whom paramount duty had kept at home, went forth to face the foe; for the third time the recruiting sergeant's drum was heard along the streets, from daybreak till midnight, while old men and boys, veterans of the war of 1812 and college lads in their second term, fell into the ranks as he passed. There was none of the rush and enthusiasm in enlisting of the early days, after Fort Sumter and Bull Run, but things were done in Philadelphia such as had not been seen since earlier days yet, the days of '76. Two hundred of the clergy went in a body, and offered themselves to the mayor, to work in the trenches and fortifications. An eminent Presbyterian divine, no longer young, marched through the streets with a drummer beside him, until he had collected a hundred recruits. New York and New Jersey regiments, some of whom had but just come home, after two years' service, to be paid off and return to their families, hastened to the rescue, with a noble generosity and forgetfulness of State feeling, which will be ever gratefully remembered

by those whom they came to help. At Harrisburg, which was in the utmost danger, there was confusion worse confounded; the troops arriving hourly, the inhabitants of the neighboring villages and the denizens of the scattered farm-houses crowding in by hundreds, until there was neither food nor shelter to be had; the frightened townsfolk of Columbia burning their beloved bridge over the Susquehanna; while State and Federal authorities were at odds about the terms on which the volunteers were to be accepted. In the midst of all this came the news that the General in command of the Army of the Potomac had resigned! Who could hope that he who snatched the reins from the hand of the falling charioteer could guide the car into the track again, and bring it victorious to the goal? It was said, indeed, that the whole army was pressing forward by forced marches, but the enemy was at our very doors, and we watched in awful suspense to see if help would come in time, or the ranks of our militia, with all who were too old, too young, or too feeble to go to the war, would meet the shock of Lee's grim soldiery, and be shivered to atoms.

Newhall at this time was acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the First Brigade, Second Division.

"Camp near Aldie, June 26th. We see by the papers that Germantown is 'reassuring the army'

again ; that's right. We have had hard work and sleepless nights lately enough to need recruiting. For two weeks I have been quite under the weather, but my constitution has pulled me through. The cavalry begins to hold up its head a little, and the infantry men who witnessed the late *skirmishes*, treat us with as much respect as they have at command for anybody. We see by the papers that the First City Troop have been taking some prisoners without loss ; if Gilbert," (his eldest brother.) "had a hand in it, please send us his account of the affair."

"Ridgeville. Maryland, June 29th. We crossed the Potomac three days ago ; since then have been marching night and day, Stuart flying about in all directions. You had better write to the City Troop boys to sleep with one eye open."

This was the last news, until word came that General Meade had engaged the Southern army. and Newhall's parents knew that he and his two brothers were fighting for life and death at Gettysburg, while three others who had gone out with the militia were in hourly peril of annihilation. The tremendous battle raged for three long summer days, days that seemed as if they would never end, while the sun blazed down from a cloudless sky upon the bloody earth. With the third night came the news of victory, a glorious victory, and the morrow, which was the Fourth, was celebrated

as a high and solemn festival, long to be remembered by the whole nation. But one twelve-month before, we had kept that day in dust and ashes, awful tidings coming in hourly from the broken army in the Peninsula; but one day before it had seemed that all the misery and despair of the previous year would be light to the destruction that was coming swiftly upon us. And now the whole land was lifting its voice to sing, "Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power! Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed to pieces the enemy."

The undertone of lamentation which must forever mingle with such rejoicings was lost in the universal pæan of that day, but the light of many a heart had been quenched forever, and even where the angel of death had forborne to strike home, he had left ghastly reminders of his presence and power. While Newhall's parents were still uncertain what had been the fate of their six sons, the following telegram was received: "Baltimore, July 6th. Am slightly wounded. Leave at 10 o'clock for home. W. S. N." And a few hours later Walter arrived, severely wounded, and weak from the loss of blood.

On the first day of the battle he had not joined in the fight. On the second he had been actively engaged in supporting batteries. On the third he was employed in the various duties of a staff officer, when a heavy body of cavalry made a

violent attack on General Gregg's position on the right wing, endeavoring to turn that flank, with the hope of creating confusion in our rear, and of damaging our trains and communications. It was vital to repel this onset, and our troops made a stubborn resistance. But the enemy advanced rapidly, and some important guns were in momentary danger of being taken. Newhall was sent to order a portion of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry to their support. On reaching his regiment he found that so many men had been forced to fight on foot and in the woods, that but three officers and sixteen men, a fragment of his friend Captain Treichel's squadron, were mounted, and ready to move on the instant. Not a second was to be lost. He briefly explained his orders to this small party, and hurried them on to the attack. Being on the staff, it was no part of his duty to do more than deliver the order, but to do less than share the danger was not in his nature. They were hidden from sight in a little valley, whence they gradually rose to the top of a hill, not fifty yards from which a regiment of the enemy was in full career against a portion of our line, just then in confusion. The little band instantly charged this vastly superior force, breaking through the flank, and creating a diversion just at the decisive moment. Out of what had been disorder, a steady line of our men now advanced, and the golden op-

portunity of the rebels was lost. Only a score of the Third had ridden down upon the enemy, and but six of these noble few escaped unhurt. Newhall had made straight for the battle-flag, and raising his sabre charged like a thunderbolt upon the color-bearer, but the latter suddenly lowered the spear-head of the banner, and struck his antagonist full on the chin with terrible force, shattering his jaw, tearing his cheek to pieces, and knocking him senseless from his horse. When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself lying between the two lines, a shell occasionally bursting near him. His wound was bleeding profusely, his arms were gone, and he had been evidently left for dead. He found, however, that he had strength enough to walk, and hastened towards our lines. Coming in at a point where there was some slight confusion under a very hot fire, he rallied the men, who were becoming unsteady, and then made the best of his way to the rear to find a surgeon. There he was joined by his friend Charles Treichel, who, since they had ridden into the fray together, in the morning, with all the fire of their first charge at Springfield, had lost a horse, had his arm shattered by a ball, been taken prisoner, and made his escape. Late in the day Newhall's brothers found them both lying in a little farm-house, among their companions in the charge. Walter was exceedingly lame and bruised, in consequence of the fall

from his horse, and his wound was so stiff and swollen that he had the greatest difficulty in articulating, but he was in high spirits over the victory. In a day or two he was well enough to be moved, and was sent home.

His strength soon began to return, and his wound slowly healed. He had a happy summer among the favorite haunts of his childhood and youth, in the midst of his family and the old friends who thronged about him, showering kindness and attention upon him in every form. No one who saw him then can ever forget him, with his athletic form, his pale, indomitable face and its ennobling scar, his earnest eyes, his grace, his modesty, and his singular reserve, which gave a peculiar interest to one so young and so gallant. He was as full of spirits as ever at home, but he had an inveterate dislike to meeting strangers, and though courteous, he was always extremely silent with them. Those two months of uninterrupted contentment and companionship, were a blessed boon, and will remain forever a precious memory to those who were ere long to lose him. By the end of August he had not entirely recovered his strength, and was ordered to the sea-shore for a few days. He left home most unwillingly, but came back perfectly restored, and immediately declared his intention of returning to the army. His leave had not yet expired, and he was en-

treated to stay at least a week longer, but one day was all that his affection would concede to his sense of duty. He felt that he was needed at camp, and he bade a last farewell to those dear ones, who, though they knew it not, were to see his face no more.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GUERRILLAS.

"Oh! bravely came we off,
When, with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody wit, we bid good-night."

——— "A territory,
Wherein were bandit earls and caitiff knights,
Assassins, and all flyers from the hand
Of justice, and whatever loathes a law."

THE excessive and unbroken heat of the summer gave way, at last, to the freshness of the fall. There was an unusually cool September, bright and dry, and the two following months were perfectly beautiful. The clear, temperate weather was turned to account by the army, and fierce battles were fought through the golden autumn days, in which our troops were uniformly successful. November brought good news from the West, where our forces had gloriously retrieved the first failure at Chattanooga, and Thanksgiving-day was kept as

the Fourth of July had been. About the same time, Jefferson Davis ordered a day of general humiliation and prayer, to be held throughout the rebel states. Disunion comes before us in no sadder form than this. How short a time ago our people offered up their prayers as one, and the whole land fasted or gave thanks together, through all its length and breadth; now, when one-half is shouting a Te Deum, the other answers with a De Profundis!

Newhall was still acting as Assistant Adjutant-General, which gave him many new duties, but he found or made time for frequent letters to his family.

"September 10th. Arrived at Headquarters, Cavalry Corps, half an hour ago. Find Fred first-rate; shall remain with him to-night, and go up to our headquarters in the morning. Had about as much trouble in getting back to the army as most people have in getting away from it. We are posted about two miles from Warrenton, on the railroad."

"September 11th. Have been eating and sleeping ever since I got back to duty, and am sleepy now, very. Shouldn't wonder if I remained in this torpid condition for some time."

"September 12th. Returned last night from a raid to Middleburgh. It was reported that Mr. Moseby was in that neighborhood, but we had no

luck. I came to the conclusion that hunting guerrillas with four regiments of cavalry and four pieces of artillery, was very much like shooting mosquitoes with a rifle,—very mashing to the little bird if you hit him. We break up camp this afternoon."

"Slaughter Mountain, September 15th. After leaving our camp near Warrenton, we crossed the Rappahannock near Sulphur Springs, and encamped just outside Colonel Gregg's Brigade. At four o'clock A. M. on the 13th, we took the road and forded the Hazel River, the Second Brigade in front. As we approached Culpeper, the enemy disputed the ground a little. Hearing Buford on our left, however, they didn't allow themselves to remain very long in any one place. As we advanced in three columns, the rebels were a little mixed, which General Kilpatrick took advantage of, and ordered up the Michigan Brigade (Custer's) to charge: they captured about one hundred prisoners and three guns. At Culpeper our columns joined. We halted for half an hour, but debouching at the other side of the town, we commenced working our several ways towards the Rapid Ann River, one division towards Rapid Ann Station, Buford on our left, towards Raccoon Ford, and Kilpatrick still further down the river. Our brigade now took the advance, and it wasn't long before we went from skirmishing to battery firing, and

then to break-neck charging and regular bull-dog fighting. The brigade worked to a charm, and our battery of four light twelve-pounders did splendid execution. Our first position was a little rough; nine horses were wounded, and two drivers killed, belonging to one piece, while it was taking position. Just at this moment the First Pennsylvania was reported in want of ammunition, which, as they were skirmishing, was rather bad, but the guns opened with grape and cannister, and the Sixth Ohio on the right of the road, the First Massachusetts and Third Pennsylvania on the left, and two squadrons of the First Rhode Island in the road, charged and carried the enemy's position with small loss. This was a magnificent sight, and the General could not help saying 'Beautifully done.' We pushed them within a mile of Cedar Mountain, where we encamped for the night. All yesterday we were feeling their position over the Rapid Ann River. This is a second Fredericksburg, only that a much stronger natural defence is found here, in the crescent shape of the hills overlooking the fords. To-day we hold our line in front of the ford. Skirmishing all day, no serious attacks made by either party. To-night, heavier firing; our loss probably not more than seventy, including one officer wounded. Weather good to-day. Am very well, as was Fred the day before yesterday."

This was the battle of Culpeper Court-house.

"September 16th. Evening. All well. Firing much easier to-day. Enemy don't want to cross our way, it seems. Still think this route impracticable, in spite of General ——'s fuss with 'Fighting Joe Hooker' about it."

"Near Culpeper, September 20th. The night before last, I met Fred, and as it was the first time since we parted at Warrenton, of course we enjoyed ourselves. He would have stopped with me all night; but as I am living on charity, Fitz Lee having captured my blankets, I couldn't very well accommodate him. It was just as well, however, for the bedding was very wet, and we took steam dry-rubs instead of sleep that night. We had passed the night before in pure, unadulterated misery, on account of the rain, which fell in torrents. We posted ourselves, in stooping positions, in the middle of a little fly, and took turns in holding on to the poles, to keep the thing from blowing away. Imagine what a plight! If you throw a bed-quilt over a clothes-line, and peg the ends down about seven or eight feet apart, you will have a pretty good representation of a fly. Now, then, if you can remember the worst rain-storm you ever saw in your section of the country, and add to it the streams from half a dozen steam fire-engines (I'll throw in our fountain and a shower-bath), pelting their mist horizontally along in three directions, converging on the spot occupied

by your fly, you will have a very fair idea of what the Virginians call a rain. There's your tent, and there's your storm, and where's your man to get wet? Don't all speak at once!

"It's not that I'm after complainin'. This sort of thing don't last forever, and when once out of it we feel jolly. Love to all."

"September 21st. Would you like to know what we think of ourselves? The following tells the whole story.

"HEADQUARTERS, FIRST BRIGADE,
SECOND DIVISION, CAVALRY CORPS,
September 20th, 1863.

"General Order No. 14.

"Officers and soldiers of the First Brigade: The commanding officer of this brigade takes the first opportunity which has presented since your glorious advance from Culpeper, to express to you his unqualified admiration of your conduct in the engagement near Culpeper, and of your subsequent conduct near the Rapid Ann Station. It is some satisfaction for you to know that on Sunday, the 13th inst., you fought the severest fight that the corps was engaged in that day, and it is his greatest pride and pleasure to bear witness to your great gallantry on the occasion. Under the most galling fire you advanced impetuously on the enemy's line, and in one half hour's time, you occupied their chosen position. No troops could have done bet-

ter. There are no exceptions, for all acted as veteran soldiers of the First Brigade. You did nobly. Your conduct on that day has proved to the enemy your superiority, and entitles you to the best wishes and gratitude of your country. You have won an enviable reputation.

"By command.

"Colonel J. B. McIntosh.

"Walter S. Newhall,

"Captain and A. A. A. G."

"Catlett's Station, September 25th. Very busy guarding the railroad."

"Hartwood Church, October 5th. Here we are back again, among these 'mean, tobacco-leaf, lying critters;' ugly women, and pale-faced men, with long uncombed hair, slouch hats, bushy whiskers, and eyes of a lynx. Virginia gentlefolk! We arrived here yesterday noon, and immediately sent five of our six regiments on picket along the Rappahannock River. The cattle didn't come up to time, and a detachment was sent in search of them. This party met a sutler's wagon about five miles out, guarded by three civilians and two Jerseymen. Returning shortly afterwards discovered the wagon stuck in the mud, nobody near it, and most of the goods confiscated. Being Massachusetts men, they immediately suspected that it wasn't all right, and drawing their breath, revolvers, sabres, carbines,

and reins, they contemplated the destruction of a Jerseyman, and above all, a 'soldier's friend,' with tears in their eyes, and mixed potations of 'fighting whisky,' and 'brandy for medicinal purposes,' in their stomachs. As soon as these sympathizing fellows realized the enormity of the enemy's wickedness, they put spurs into their horses, and riding over every obstacle, arrived safely in camp with the story of this disaster, all begging to be sent back with the party that was to recover what the guerrillas hadn't had time to streak with. Early this morning a detachment of the First Massachusetts and the Provost Guard, was despatched to recover the lost goods, and if possible, to catch some of the pillagers. They returned about 11 o'clock, with their arms full of smoked beef, canned fruits, tobacco, cigars, and gingerbread, and two prisoners in tow,—sweet-looking chaps. They had been caught napping after their jollification, and were fourteen times more innocent than the babe unborn. They actually grew angry because we hinted that they didn't look it. On being questioned, one fellow 'didn't mind statin' as far as he knowed, beyond that he couldn't say, for fear of implicatin' somebody that was as innocent as himself:'

"'I was passin' Joel Spencer's house on this side,—wasn't it, Joel?' 'Certainly it was.' 'I believe I said the other side,—I believed it was.'

(This looked badly for him, but he soon took a steady gait, and went straight through, until his tears broke him up.) 'I saw one of your gentlemen in the road, who told me a sutler's wagon had broken down in the road, and been abandoned, that I'd better help myself, you know, before it fell into worse hands. There was my family, gentlemen, wife and six children, almost starved, on the one hand, and there, abandoned and stuck in the mud close by, and contents a rottin', was a sutler's wagon on the other. Self-preservation has its dictates, gentlemen, under some circumstances, and I'm not ashamed to say, that that wagon being broke down and gone away from, and my family not havin' tasted anything but corn-bread for three weeks, (and sparse at that,) I'm not ashamed to say, I helped myself; not that I wish to keep you all from havin' what I took, but merely for the sake of keepin' my family up; (that's what I said, ain't it, Joel?) and the way those things happened to be locked up was this: I said to my wife, "Wife, you'd better stow away them sweets, for fear the children might get sick;" remarkin' at the same time, that we were in no condition to pay the doctor's bill. Now, gentlemen, I reckon that that upset was a providential thing. I hope you won't think hard of a man for providin' for the family that God gave him.' Convulsive sobs, and a profusion of tears, which, however, were checked when

the other chap (who, according to his friend, was more fool than knave,) opened his mouth with a perfectly contradictory story."

The guerrillas had grown to be more than a nuisance,—they had become a scourge. Men must be debased, indeed, before they can carry on warfare in so dishonorable and dastardly a mode. The spy is held in such ill-repute that a gentleman will hardly take the post. He does not wear the uniform, and if captured, dies a felon's death. Yet the discredit of such service does not weigh for an instant against the ignominy of the guerrilla's. Acknowledging no law, civil or military, admitting no claim of society or humanity, recognized by no party, protected by no flag, attacking and killing unarmed men, adding the shame of theft to the sin of murder, he is a disgrace to the cause he espouses. Eastern Virginia is infested with these wretches. They shield themselves behind the sham of a quiet, humble life, frequently feigning ill-health, and sympathy with the North, assembling in bands to make their cowardly assaults by night, on solitary sentinels, and parties too small for resistance, leaving no live man to tell tales, and dispersing to their miserable abodes, and pretence of inoffensive, loyal characters. There is a long list of brave victims unavenged, to which new names are constantly being added, while these despicable assassins continue to ply their trade with impunity. Newhall's

elder brother, Captain in the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry, wrote from his camp at Hartwood Church, during the autumn of '63, "I haven't seen Walter since we came across the Rappahannock, and would call on him, but to go in safety from here to his headquarters requires a retinue of more men than I care to employ on such a long ride, not on official business. The guerrillas between here and there rule the roast with everything much less than platoons. The phlegmatic Army of the Potomac isn't going to bother its head about a few guerrillas, so they are allowed to pursue their pleasing devices. As an army, we regard guerrillas as the ox did the fly on his horn. We say, 'Stay if you wish; it don't inconvenience us.' If they burn a bridge, we rebuild it. If they kill an officer, we say it was a beastly mean trick. If they capture a sutlers' train, we ask, 'How are *you*, sutlers?' and are rather glad of it; and if we catch them, we hear the innocent stories of their honest lives, and the Provost-Marshal-General gives them a pass to go where they please."

Walter himself writes of them:

"October 8th. We are in the vilest neighborhood imaginable, full of guerrillas, whom we try in vain to catch. My notion of them is founded on these facts: nobody ever saw one; they leave no tracks, and they come down upon you when you least ex-

pect them. Why shouldn't there be flying infantry as well as flying artillery? Answer me that."

During the next ten days he was constantly in action, and had no time to write. He took part in the severe fight of his division at Sulphur Springs, on the 12th of October, and in the battle of Bristoe Station, on the 14th, as well as in several skirmishes while his brigade was assisting to guard the wagon trains during the march to Centreville.

"Near Fairfax Station, October 17th. We are busily engaged in picketing along Bull Run."

"October 23d. The rebels haven't all crossed the river yet. Yesterday Colonel Gregg had a brush with them near Bealeton. Second Pennsylvania Cavalry did well. We stood by and 'reassured' the Second Brigade, but didn't participate personally. Haven't had writing opportunities since the movement from the Rapid Ann. We've been constantly on the move,—from Morrisville and Hartwood Church on October 11th; Sulphur Springs and Fayetteville on the 12th; Auburn on the 13th; Bristoe Station and Brentsville on the 14th; Wolf Run Shoals on the 15th; Fairfax Court-house on the 16th and 17th; Bull Run on the 18th and 19th; Fairfax Station on the 20th; Centreville and Gainesville on the 21st; Warrenton on the 22d, and are now encamped on the old ground."

"Sulphur Springs, October 31st. My birthday.

Twenty-two. How old I'm growing! I shall soon be a confirmed member of the bachelor corps. We are encamped in a splendid grove, which the proprietor says was handed down to him from his great-great-grandfather, and he therefore begs us not to cut any of the trees for firewood. Colonel Taylor reminds him that he, the proprietor, is one of a set of rascals who are endeavoring to destroy a government that has been handed down to us in the same manner, and begged that he would not think it any disrespect to his ancestor, if we declined freezing to death just now. The Colonel was a little rough, but he is so full of patriotism he could not help it."

"November 1st. We may move in a day or two. I shouldn't much wonder if we attempted the turning of the enemy's left, forcing him across the Rappahannock at the lower fords, with one corps occupying the line of the Rapid Ann, crossing the Rappahannock at United States' Ford above and joining our forces, meet the rebels on the Chancellorville ground. This is my first attempt at strategy, but I make bold to say, that if the main points of my plan are carried out, we could find a way to Richmond, which won't be of nature's providing. We of the Army of the Potomac are somewhat in the same fix as the small boy, who was required to shoot a tom-tit and a squirrel with one load of No. 1 shot, thus: small

boy and No. 1 shot, Army of Potomac; tom-tit, Washington; squirrel, Richmond,—do you see?"

"Bealeton Station, November 8th. We moved down here yesterday, and are now guarding wagon trains. Yesterday the Sixth Corps took thirteen hundred prisoners and a battery of artillery. General French at Kelly's Ford caught about five hundred more. Everything quiet this morning."

"November 11th. Picketing the neighborhood of Warrenton. No news."

"November 19th. I have just finished reading in Blackwood's Magazine an account of what an 'English officer' has the unblushing impudence to call the Battle of Gettysburg. Ten pages are devoted to a very interesting ride on a sore-backed horse, four to the battle, and eight to the difficulty of passing into the Yankee lines—even with General Lee's pass. Why didn't the fellow get into a good position during Longstreet's movement? then he could have told us something we didn't know. No news. I hear of moving, but not officially."

"November 22d. I can't pass Sunday quietly in camp without writing home. I have only to say that I'm alarmingly healthy. If necessary, in correcting the report of Moseby's capture, to use my name, you are authorized to do so."

"Morrisville, November 24th, 10 P. M. We are on the move again, bound 'for Richmond and a market,' of course."

"Plank-road to Orange Court-house, November 27th. All well. Fighting pretty heavy; also our loss. All our friends safe."

This was the battle known as Mine Run or the Wilderness, the latter being the expressive name given by the inhabitants to the spot where it was fought, being part of the same tract in which our army had been so cruelly cut to pieces six months before, at Chancellorville. On this occasion, only the cavalry and one corps of infantry were engaged, and that with entire success, although unfortunately great loss of life and no results, owing to the failre of the general movement, of which this was part.

"Near Stevensburg, December 5th. Here we are, resting after our little trip over the Rapid Ann. We cover a picket front of only fifteen miles, which is mere sport,—good practice for cavalry. Suppose I tell you what Colonel Taylor says of the doings of his brigade among 'Mr. Lee's folks,' and as he is a straightforward man and a pious, you can rely on the truth of his statement. Here it is. 'My brigade, proceeding from Whitehall, on the 27th of November, struck the Orange and Fredericksburg Plank-road near Parker's store, at 8½ A. M., and marched in front of the Fifth *Corps d'armée* towards Orange Court-house. At 11 o'clock my advance drove in the enemy's pickets and first line of skirmishers near Mount Hope

Church; here the enemy's line was strengthened, and it became necessary to dismount three of my squadrons, in order to dislodge him from the thicket of pine-trees and the railroad, where he was strongly posted. This duty was well done by two squadrons of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, and one of the First Massachusetts Cavalry. During the clearing of this woody country, the enemy used grape and cannister without effect. A section of Martin's Sixth New Jersey Battery opened on the enemy's guns, and the squadrons already mentioned having been reinforced, drove the enemy from his cover, charged across the open space beyond, and occupied the edge of the opposite wood, putting to flight several squadrons of rebel cavalry. The enemy now advanced his infantry, and in ten minutes my line was heavily pressed, with the exception of the supporting regiment (the Sixth Ohio), and a few minor supports. The ground being impracticable for cavalry, I threw my entire command dismounted against the enemy, repelled his charge, took his position, and captured thirty-four infantrymen, including a captain, with their arms, &c., besides killing and wounding a large number. During this time the enemy opened with artillery from three positions, keeping Martin's Battery actively engaged. For about an hour the enemy was steadily driven back, the two lines being within twenty paces of each other. The officers and men

of my command behaved with extreme gallantry. The surgeons of the brigade were untiring in their exertions to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded. My line was engaged until 4½ P. M., when, my ammunition giving out, I was relieved by the Fifth Corps."

"The squadrons," already mentioned, were Charley Treichel's and Captain Walsh's of the gallant Third, and Captain Crowninshield's of the First Massachusetts Cavalry.

Newhall himself commanded Captain Treichel's squadron in this battle: but he never spoke of it, nor was it known until after his death, when Captain Treichel (who had been fighting with one arm ever since Gettysburg) came home, to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the inseparable friend and companion of his whole military career, and finding how the story stood, set it right.

"As usual, I had prime luck. Every acknowledgment is due to Providence, I know; but I can't help paying my noble steed, 'Tim Whiffler,' a passing compliment, for the style in which he brought me from *behind the rebel lines*, where I had been idiotic enough to get, during one of their attempts to yell our men out of countenance. We are ordered to Brandy Station, in the morning."

"Brandy Station, December 7th. I had forgotten that you would feel interested for Lieutenant Longfellow, of the First Massachusetts Cavalry.

He has gone to Washington, on his way home, seriously, but not dangerously, wounded. Colonel Taylor and I were just beside him when he was shot, during a fierce attack by our friends the rebs; but as he walked off by himself without a whimper, we concluded he would soon be all right again."

"December 10th. The infantry hereabouts are building log-huts, indicative of a change of camp, although at first sight it does not appear so. We, poor cavalrymen, have to carry everything on our horses, now that our mules have been turned in."

"Warrenton, December 13th. We marched from Bealeton Station yesterday, and appear to have settled down at last for winter quarters, much to the delight of citizens hereabouts, who look forward to innumerable and jolly raids by their favorite cut-throat, Mr. Moseby. Even now, from the tops of the neighboring mountains, his hungry followers are looking down upon our weak points. How many fruitless mud-raids we shall make after them this winter, time even will have difficulty in telling. I know the programme by heart: 'Successful attack on wagon-trains; Moseby off with his plunder. Nobody hurt.' That's how it will be. Three or four weeks ago, I joined a regiment in a 'hounding' expedition after a party of these guerrillas, who, having captured part of a wagon-train, were making their way to the deserted wilds of

Thoroughfare Gap and Salem. We struck the trail at three in the afternoon of a very rainy day, and galloped in pursuit until 8½ P. M., when we discovered that the trail divided into about twenty minor paths, leading up hills, down ravines, back through dark pine woods, and everywhere. However, we surrounded a house in the immediate neighborhood of our discomfiture, and, on looking in, our delighted eyes feasted on the forms of five or six of Moseby's beauties, who were enriching as many young ladies with all sorts of sutler's trinkets, from golden hat-cords down to cakes and candy, with perfect disregard of expense. It was delightful; only I was afraid we shouldn't get anything if we didn't shoot first, and ascertain the facts of the case afterwards. The Colonel couldn't think of such a thing; so a party was sent round to the front door to *knock!* Before the echoes of their thumping had died away, every light in the house was extinguished, even the fires, all the doors and windows were simultaneously slammed and re-slammed, five women screamed at the top of their lofty lungs, two dinner-bells were violently rung from garret windows, several pistol-shots were fired into us, and the majority of the rascals got off. In a moment all was quiet enough, and on forcing the doors we found the young ladies panting with excitement, but highly delighted with the escape of those 'dear men.' We caught two in an old

clothes-basket, 'where there wasn't anything but Ma's wash.' We picked up a very suspicious-looking hat, with a long black feather in it. Don't tell anybody that Mr. Moseby had just left that hat to be called for when wanted; and don't believe that I am at all disheartened. I can't help feeling that the result was what might have been expected."

CHAPTER IX.

THE END.

"With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
As rainy clouds possessed the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas eve."

"Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career.
* * * * *
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had ne'er o'erstept
The charter to chastise, which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

CHRISTMAS was drawing near; the army was inactive; and many of the officers were applying for leave of absence to spend the holy-tide with their families. Both the Newhalls had the hope of going home, where all the sons were to meet once more for the first time in years. On the

evening before leaving, Walter made up his company accounts, choosing, with characteristic fidelity, to put everything in order, in anticipation of even so short an absence. The next morning, the 18th of December, he left his camp, to pass the night at headquarters with his brother, and start for home the next morning. He was in the highest spirits as he bade his companions good-bye and rode off, followed by an orderly. Before reaching the Rappahannock, he was obliged to cross a small stream, one of those little runs which intersect that country in every direction, and such as he had forded and swum a hundred times. It had usually very little depth or width; but recent heavy rains had swollen it considerably, and converted the bottom into a morass. He plunged in; but about midway his horse became mired, and began to struggle. Walter instantly perceived the danger, and waved to his orderly not to follow. He then quietly attempted to quit his saddle to swim to shore; but as he was in the act, his frightened horse reared and fell over upon him. There was one moment, one supreme moment, before he disappeared; and he called to his orderly, in a calm, clear voice, "Go for my brother!" and sank. His body was recovered in half an hour; but it was only his body. His unfortunate brother, who was looking for him to talk over their plans for the holidays, took his corpse home to their parents.

Over their grief drop the veil. The news of his death fell upon the whole community as a sore calamity, and the Christmas of every household in the country-side was darkened. The letters which poured in from every direction, not to his family alone, but to all his friends, proved how widely he was known and valued, and how deeply all who had ever seen him felt what his loss must be to those among whom he had lived. The expressions of private sympathy, in such an hour, must needs be genuine and heartfelt. Wherever a father and mother are mourning over their son, there is the same sorrow that has always been since the first parents mourned over the first dead child. But the tributes of regard and respect to the memory of the dead, as well as to the grief of the living, were such as no ordinary man could have called forth. The lamentations of his early playfellows, of those who had seen him grow up, of his brother officers, were only natural; but the distress of numbers who had seldom met him, or had only heard him spoken of, and the profound regret of his superior officers, were the best and highest proofs of his worth. There is a letter, one of very many, which is not out of place here, since it casts a light back upon his character, being written to a friend of the family by one who did not know them,—by one who, though he sees many men, and saw Newhall but seldom, was struck by him as a man apart.

"WASHINGTON, D. C.,
December 19th, 1863.

"MY DEAR SIR: It was with great regret that I heard of the death of Captain W. S. Newhall, of our cavalry. I recollect him well during the night march from White Oak Swamp to James River. He brought to General Franklin a message, and returned with one to General McClellan. It was considered a hazardous mission, and I recollect the hairbreadth escapes he made from capture on that occasion. Since that time I have but rarely seen him, but I shall never forget his appearance, his calm, resolute face, on that eventful night. In losing him, the service has lost a valuable officer and a brave soldier.

"I am, very truly,
"Your obedient servant,
"WIN. S. HANCOCK,
"Major General, Volunteers."

All the superior officers of his division bore testimony to his high military merit, in letters too full of private feeling for his recent loss, to meet any eyes but those to whom they were addressed. But two months afterwards General Averell, his former Colonel, wrote of him in terms of praise, which from a man of his character and position, is the fullest endorsement of all that has been claimed for Newhall in this sketch.

"MARTINSBURG, VA.,
February 21st, 1864.

"MY DEAR SIR: . . . . . I desire to lighten, if possible, the burden of your great grief, by telling you that the loss of your noble son is not only felt heavily by me, his first Colonel, but by all his comrades in arms. While the service has lost one of its most promising officers, you have thrown into the yawning chasm of Secession, a priceless jewel.

"I pray that you may have the consolation of believing that the hideous gulf has been narrowed by the sacrifice.

"While we grope our way toward the solution of the greatest problem ever presented to humanity, these dreadful afflictions render our cause more sacred, and our purposes more steadfast.

"It will be long ere the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac forget WALTER NEWHALL. His character was a model for all who had the pleasure of knowing him. It is difficult for me to say wherein he lacked of being perfect. He was without fear, and certainly without reproach. Dignified without affectation, reticent, but not taciturn, his graceful but impressive manners charmed all who ever saw him smile. In the execution of orders he never hesitated, and he possessed that rare quality in an officer, the power of inspiring his men with perfect confidence.

"His purity and his principles had a living force,

which made itself felt throughout his command. It is yet felt, and he still lives, not only with his comrades, but with

"Your friend and servant,

"WM. W. AVERELL,
"B. G."

The grief in his regiment was only second to that in his home. Each man mourned for him as for a brother. The following order, issued by command of the Colonel commanding, is only the expression of the sorrow felt by all.

"HEADQUARTERS, FIRST BRIGADE,
SECOND DIVISION, CAVALRY CORPS,
January 8th, 1864.

"Special Order, No. 54.

"Officers and soldiers of the First Brigade: It is the painful duty of the Colonel commanding, on returning to the command, to announce to you the sudden and unexpected death of Captain Walter S. Newhall, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of this Brigade, which, through the All-wise Disposer of events, occurred December 18th, 1863.

"In the death of this officer, our country, the service, parents, and friends, have sustained an irreparable loss, in one possessing a modest and unassuming nature, and principles the perfect soul of honor; combining the qualities of the thorough, efficient officer, the brave and gallant soldier, the

finished and courteous gentleman, and the exemplary Christian.

"The Colonel commanding, impelled by a common sorrow, a grief, personal to all who knew his worth, unites with you in the deep sorrow you feel in the loss of your comrade, and cannot resist on this occasion to bear testimony of his high appreciation of the many virtues which he possessed; of his fearless courage, his ready and willing disposition, courting labor, and never shrinking from its most trying hardships, but by example and ability inspiring those with whom he came in contact.

"And while all acknowledge the just and guiding Hand of our destiny, we mourn the blasted promises of his brilliant career.

"By command of Colonel J. P. Taylor.

"J. H. Beale,
"Captain and A. A. A. G."

Walter S. Newhall was buried at Laurel Hill Cemetery, near Philadelphia, on the 22d of December. The escort and usual military honors were declined by his family, but his bier was borne by his Colonel and five brother officers, four of whom were old playmates and companions in his first essay at arms, at Chestnut Hill. A crowd of men of all ages and callings, clergymen, soldiers, men of business, and men of pleasure, followed him to the grave, and all in tears. The

regular assistants at that melancholy place, said that they had never witnessed such grief in all their sad experience. His coffin was filled and covered with flowers as if he had been a child, and no child was ever laid to rest whose life had been purer than his.

His character showed all the gifts of a noble nature, and all the graces of a Christian life. What need is there to dwell upon his virtues? His story tells them, and they will live in the hearts of all who knew him, until they, like him, shall have put on immortality.

JUL 8 1906

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 013 764 198 7